

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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## GOODS AGAINST PASSENGERS.

FRANCE is not the only "seat of war" just at present. There is now going on here in England, and has been for some time, a most animated warfare, the belligerents being Goods on the one side and Passengers on the other; the generals, railway directors and managers; the soldiers, railway employes of all grades; the implements of war, locomotive steam-engines and heavy goods-waggon; and a respectably large "butcher's bill" is the result of their united efforts. The parties, however, are exceedingly ill-matched; worse, even, than the French and the Germans. Generals, soldiers, war implements, are all on one side—that of Goods; and the result, of course, is not a fair fight, but a massacre. After a variety of skirmishes within the last month or two, in which weak, unlucky, friendless Passengers suffered severely, three serious engagements have just been fought, in which Passengers was almost entirely demolished, and Goods gained glorious but bloody victories, for which, in imitation of other august

warriors, that belligerent ought to return devout thanks. The first of these encounters took place at Harrow, on the London and North-Western Railway, on Nov. 26. Cause: Passengers having the insolence to expect Goods, who had broken a coupling-chain, to get out of the way; results: eight persons killed, and some fifteen or twenty wounded, many severely. The second battle occurred on the 6th inst., at a place called Brockley Whins, a few miles from Shields, on the North-Eastern Railway. Cause: determination of Goods, acting through his soldier (Robert Hedley, pointsman) to clear the way of Passengers by running full tilt against the latter; result: some five or six killed, and over twenty wounded, some severely also. The third, and grandest engagement of all, came off, last Monday afternoon, near Barnsley, on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. Cause: splendid strategic move of Goods, who, determined to teach Passengers a lesson, started with a number of laden waggons down an incline, where he had a run of two miles to gain impetus, and "doubled"

up his adversary completely, poor Passengers being completely surprised—as completely, indeed, as De Faily was at Beaumont—while quietly stopping, in the ordinary course of business, at Stairfoot station; result: fourteen killed and about thirty wounded. As will be seen, the mortality in this last engagement was nearly equal to that of both the other two. After this, surely Passengers will confess to defeat, and cede territory to Goods without longer continuing a hopeless struggle.

Dropping metaphor, and begging pardon for having even seemingly jested on so very grave a matter, we beg to call attention to the fact that in each of these disasters, and in an immense number of other, but less deadly, so-called accidents, the source of the mischief was invariably goods-trains, in one way or another, impeding the course of passenger-trains. Now, why is this always the case? Simply, as it seems to us, because the goods traffic (and passenger traffic, too, probably, notwithstanding the casualties to which it is liable) has increased enormously beyond the facilities pre-



POULTRY SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



vided for it. Railways, on their first inception, were designed for the conveyance of goods mainly. That was George Stephenson's original idea, we believe; carrying passengers having been an after-thought, developed by circumstances; and, though this branch of railway business has attained to immense and altogether unlooked-for proportions, goods traffic (on all lines running through, or connected with, the mining and manufacturing districts, at least) is understood to be most profitable; and is, consequently, best cared for by railway officials of all sorts. Passengers are mere intruders, who don't pay their way so well as goods; and, therefore, must go the wall—as the weakest always does—or to “smash,” as a natural and legitimate consequence of their feebleness. That, apparently, is the view of railway directors, managers, and officials; and they furnish ample proofs that with them it is not mere theory, but a terribly practical reality.

The great bulk of the community, however, who are more concerned for the safe conveyance of passengers than the profitable carriage of goods, are entitled to have something to say in the matter. In the first place, a person who travels by railway makes a contract with a company of carriers, the conditions of which are that for a certain money payment (the amount being fixed by the carriers) on the one side, safe conveyance to a given point is undertaken on the other; and surely it is not unreasonable to insist that, as one party has been compelled to fulfil his share of the bargain before starting, the other should also be compelled to make provision for having duly performed his share on stopping: in other words, that a passenger, on paying his fare, should have a reasonable guarantee that the *quid pro quo* shall be his. In the next place, and as a corollary of the first condition, the carriers should be debarred from undertaking more than they can perform—that is to say, they should not be at liberty to carry both passengers and goods on the same lines of rail, when those lines are barely sufficient for the safe and punctual conveyance of one only. In the third place, and in order to secure such safety and punctuality, it is the right of the public to insist that any railway company which enjoys a large goods and a large passenger traffic shall separate these branches of their business, lay down sets of rails for each, and rigidly adhere to the rule of “goods on the goods rails and passengers on the passenger rails;” and that any infringement of this rule shall be visited by the severe punishment not merely of subordinate officials, but of those who have the direction and control of the peccant company's affairs. Finally, the public are entitled to demand that railway companies shall employ thoroughly competent servants, experienced in the special duties they are appointed to perform, that these servants shall be sufficiently paid, and that they shall not be overworked: conditions which, we take leave to say, are not observed at present, for we cannot believe that thoroughly efficient pointsmen, to whom are intrusted the safety of the lives and limbs of thousands of passengers daily (like the signalman at Harrow) can be procured for the paltry stipend of from seventeen to nineteen shillings a week, and we know that no man can remain at work, and bear a sustained strain upon his attention, for twelve and thirteen hours every day of the week (Sunday included) without danger—nay, certainty—that his energy will be exhausted, that his faculties will become impaired, that he will make mistakes, and that “accidents” will consequently happen. The aforesaid signalman at Harrow, and Robert Hedley, of Brockley Whins, were each subjected to this long-continued strain; and we know what occurred.

We shall be told, of course, that in each of the disasters above referred to somebody blundered: it would seem that Hedley did so, grievously; but blundering is exactly what we should expect from an overworked man. And who imposes the overwork? who demands the labour of two men from one? and rewards him for performing it with the munificent salary of 17s. a week—a salary at which the navvies who constructed the line would probably have turned up their noses! Railway directors and managers are the persons who exact this heavy task-work; and upon them personally, therefore, should devolve the largest measure of responsibility for the disasters that result from their penurious and slave-driving policy.

But into these small details—small by comparison, we mean, for they are important in their place—it is not worth while to enter. The great fact that stands out prominently in connection with most railway disasters is, that passenger and goods traffic on all our great lines cannot safely be mixed up with each other; and the conclusion irresistibly forced upon us, that they ought to be entirely separated, distinct lines of rail being appropriated to each. This is the only effectual remedy for the existing state of things; the sole mode by which the war between goods and passengers can be brought to a close; the only way in which safety for the lives and limbs of railway travellers can be secured. No doubt to do this will be a costly affair; dividends will suffer, but so do they now; and desperate diseases, we know, are best treated by heroic remedies. “Railway accidents” caused by collisions between goods and passenger trains have attained to the magnitude of a desperate disorder; and we hope Parliament (we expect nothing from directors) will ere long apply the appropriate cure. The “railway interest” is strong in the House of Commons, we are aware; but the millions of people who travel by railway, and who help to make members of Parliament, ought to be stronger still. The public has the power to control the “railway interest” in and out of the House, and we trust they will not be slow to use it.

## POULTRY SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A GRAND poultry show was held last week at the Crystal Palace, at the same time that the cattle show was open at Islington. There were above 1100 pens of fowls, besides turkeys, ducks, geese, and pheasants, while the pigeons, pronounced by the judges to form one of the finest collections ever seen in this country, occupied upwards of 800 cages, of which 220 were appropriated to pouters. The judges expressed their satisfaction with the improved arrangements of the exhibition, which were carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Wilkinson. The pigeons were placed under light wirework cages, which stood in double rows on two long tables, extending along the nave from the centre transept to the crystal fountain, while the noisier denizens of the poultry-yard were put in the south gallery and the carriage department. The prizes were numerous, and amounted in the aggregate to £700—thirty-seven silver cups or pieces of plate having been contributed to form extra prizes, by various breeders, by the Crystal Palace Company, and by the committee of management.

Among the pigeons, those which proved most interesting to the majority of visitors were the working Antwerps, or Belgian carriers (class 115). These little birds, compact in form, close-feathered, and with wings of great size and strength, have been somewhat neglected since the introduction of the telegraph; but recent events have brought them prominently into notice again, and their extraordinary powers of flight, and the wonderful instinct which enables them to find their way home, have proved of great service to the besieged Parisians.

The attendance of visitors was large, and much interest was exhibited in the show.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

It is semi-officially declared in Paris that there is no cause for anxiety as to the provisions in the capital. The Government, it is added, will be able to satisfy all wants long after the raising of the siege. Some inconvenience had arisen through the want of mills to grind the corn; but Messrs. Cail and Company are engaged in erecting mills in sufficient number, and it is hoped that their efforts will enable the Government to dispense with serving out bread as rations, even for a single day.

A decree was issued on the 7th disbanding the battalion of sharpshooters of Belleville. Sixty-one men of this corps are to be brought before a council of war for desertion in front of the enemy. Gustave Flourens has been arrested for wrongfully assuming a military command and the uniform of a superior officer.

The Archbishop of Paris has paid a visit to the Breton ambulance in the capital. He urged the wounded to join their regiments again as soon as they recovered, and to continue to combat the enemies of France. He told them never to think of surrendering, but to fight for the deliverance of the country; and said he regretted that his ecclesiastical character prevented his shouldering a rifle on the ramparts.

The *Patrie en Danger*, the extreme organ, published by Citizen Blauqui, has ceased to appear. The reason frankly given in the last number of the paper was that, “notwithstanding the most strict economy, notwithstanding the absolute gratuitous services of the staff, the journal did not pay its expenses.”

The French Treasury has announced that it will fulfil its obligations on Jan. 1.

In consequence of the advance of the Germans, the seat of the Government Delegation has been removed from Tours to Bordeaux. M. Gambetta, however, remains with the Army of the Loire, or some portion of that army. Lord Lyons and the other members of the diplomatic body arrived in Bordeaux just before midnight on Sunday last.

Decrees dated Dec. 6 have been published, appointing General d'Aurelle de Paladine to the command of the Camp of Instruction at Cherbourg (the appointment, however, has been declined by the General); General Bourbaki to the chief command of the First Army of the North, with General Borel as chief of his staff; General Ballot to the command of the 18th Army Corps; General Chanzy to the chief command of the Second Army, with General Vuilleumont as chief of his staff; General Jaureguiberry to the command of the 16th Army Corps; and General Colomb to that of the 17th Army Corps. Another decree announces that Generals Bourbaki and Chanzy are appointed to the chief command of the First and Second Armies, not of army corps.

### LUXEMBOURG.

In a circular note, dated Dec. 3, Prussia denounces the Luxembourg Neutrality Treaty of 1867, on the ground that the Luxembourg authorities connived at the provisioning of Thionville, and suffered many French fugitives and escaped prisoners to return to France. The French Consul at Luxembourg kept an open office for the enlistment of his fugitive countrymen. This note, which has been communicated to the Powers concerned, further states that, in view of the violations of neutrality by Luxembourg, the North German Government reserves to itself full freedom of future action.

The Luxembourg Patriotic Committee have voted an address of the people to the Grand Duke, protesting against the German note, which accuses the country of not having fulfilled the duties of its neutrality, and refuting the allegations of some journals to the effect that Luxembourg would willingly consent to the loss of her independence and a change in her nationality.

### BELGIUM.

The committee on the petitions of the French prisoners in Belgium, who ask to be allowed to return to France, proposed to refer the matter to the Ministry. Baron d'Anethan, after explaining the measures taken by the Government, opposed the conclusion arrived at by the committee, and said:—“It would be dangerous to abandon the line of conduct which we have hitherto pursued. The danger is not imaginary, and the communication which has just been made to the Government of Luxembourg ought to act as a warning to us. Instead of relaxing our vigilance we ought to devote the greatest attention to the accomplishment of our duty as neutrals. Not to fulfil that duty would be to make our country commit a dangerous fault, and impose too heavy a responsibility on the Government. For my part, I decline such a responsibility. This fault I shall not commit.” The Chamber then, by 72 votes against 7, agreed to deposit the petition in the Bureau de Renseignement, a step which is equivalent to rejection.

### SPAIN.

It is intended that the Cortes should hold evening sittings in order to advance the discussion of the bills now before the House, which will probably be all voted by the 28th instant.

The King Elect is expected to arrive in Spain on Jan. 1 next. It is rumoured that his Majesty will have an appanage of 20,000,000 reals, half of which he will place at the disposal of the Government, demanding at the same time the authorisation to administer the finances of Spain.

The Carlist newspapers announce that the Infante Don Alfonso (son of ex-Queen Isabella) will marry Dona Maria das Neves, eldest daughter of Don Miguel, the late pretender to the Crown of Portugal. A Papal dispensation will be obtained to set aside the bar of consanguinity. Dona Maria is described as a Princess of distinguished person, amiable character, and very superior culture. Her husband will be her junior by about five years.

### ITALY.

A telegram from Florence gives an account of the measures to be taken for carrying out the programme of a free Church in a free State in Italy. The Pope is guaranteed his sovereign rights, allowed to retain his guards, and provided with an income of 3,250,000. He keeps the Vatican, the Church of Santa Maria

Maggiore, Castel Gandolfo, and their dependencies; and these are exempted both from taxes and common law jurisdiction. The same immunity is extended to any temporary presidency of the Pope, or conclave, or council. The Pope's correspondence is to be free. Even in pursuit of criminals neither visits nor searches are to be allowed. The Pope is to be free to establish at the Vatican a post and telegraph office, choosing his own officials. The Papal despatches, couriers, and telegrams are to be conveyed as those of foreign Governments. Councils will require no preliminary permission for meeting. The Pope may prefer to benefices without Royal permission. The oath of the Bishops to the King, the Royal placet, and Exequatur are abolished. The seminaries and other Catholic institutions will derive their authority from the Holy See alone, without any interference from the Italian scholastic authorities.

The newspapers announce that a decree will shortly be published calling out the soldiers of the class of 1849.

### GERMANY.

The session of the North German Parliament was closed last Saturday evening. At the final sitting the amendment to the Constitution necessitated by the introduction of the words “Empire” and “Emperor” was read a third time and passed by 188 votes against 6. All the new confederation treaties had previously been adopted, and a deputation was appointed to proceed to Versailles to offer the Imperial crown to King William. After having received the consent of all German Sovereigns and of the free cities, King Ludwig is also to proceed in great state to Versailles, to offer to King William the title of Emperor.

The Prussian Diet was opened on Wednesday. In the Speech from the Throne mention was made of the fortunate course the war has taken; and, above all, it is pointed out that everything has been accomplished by the thorough patriotic spirit which has pervaded the people. The speech states that the Government recognises its duty of laying the Budget before the country as early as possible. Legislation affecting internal reforms would, so soon as peace was re-established, be resumed by the Government, with the assurance that the conciliatory spirit which at the present time, when the love of the Fatherland was so powerfully aroused, had adjusted other subjects of dispute, would also facilitate the execution of this task.

In Wednesday's sitting of the Bavarian Chamber of Deputies Count Bray laid before the House the Federal Treaty. He urged the members to approve the treaty, which would establish a German Federative alliance and community which would be worthy of the sacrifices made by Bavaria in that cause. The new community would possess the real strength of a Power of the first class. Bavaria would have a position in conformity with her historical and geographical importance, and she would be able to extend her sphere of activity in Germany, and even, by means of the Confederation, beyond Germany. The Minister for War laid before the House a bill asking for a further extraordinary military credit, until the end of March, of 41,020,000 fl. The Minister of Finance brought in a bill continuing the provisional levy of the taxes for a further three months. A proposal was then moved by the Second President that the Federal Treaty should be referred to a Special Committee. This course was adopted without discussion.

### AUSTRIA.

In the Hungarian Delegation, on Tuesday, General Benedek, in answer to questions as to the military resources of Austria, stated that since 1868 the army had been increased, and that it now numbered, including landwehr, 1,052,376 men. The number of breechloaders was 1,037,000, and 150,000 more had been ordered. There was an increase of 378 in the number of guns. Considerable sums were necessary in order to complete every branch of the service. The Government was quite ready to agree to a committee of inquiry. There was applause when General Benedek sat down after giving these explanations.

### RUSSIA.

An Imperial manifesto and ukase, signed on Tuesday, orders that the recruiting on the new plan is to begin in February and end in March, and is to be conducted with all speed. Six recruits are to be taken per thousand souls, and one and a half per thousand besides, in the western provinces, to fill former deficiencies. All young men under twenty-one years of age, students in the higher Government academies, and teachers of primary schools in Poland, are exempt. The sum of money for which exemption may be purchased is 570 roubles.

### SERVIA.

The censorship has been abolished in Servia, and a new press law has been promulgated.

### GREECE.

The arrest of Noel, accused of having been an accomplice of the brigands in the murder of the four English gentlemen at Marathon some months ago, has been ordered. At the inquiry into the massacre no proof was adduced that any Greek politician or important person was implicated in the affair. The English barristers who were present during the whole of the inquiry expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the proceedings. Noel, who is an Englishman, took to flight on learning that he was committed for trial. The indictment against him is that he counselled the brigands not to surrender the English captives without previously obtaining an amnesty.

### THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Chandler has introduced in the Senate a resolution giving to President Grant the discretionary power to suspend the laws permitting the carriage of goods in bond over territory of the United States to the British American possessions or to Mexico. This resolution was referred by the Senate to the Committee on Commerce. General Butler introduced, on Monday, in the House of Representatives, a petition, signed by 2000 citizens of Gloucester, praying Congress to demand an indemnity for the losses entailed upon American fishermen by the action of Canada, and to declare, as a retaliatory measure, that commercial intercourse with Canada should cease. This petition was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The House of Representatives, by 158 votes against 25, has repealed the Civil Tenure of Office Act, and, by 164 votes against 5, passed a resolution repealing the international revenue system, except as regards whisky and tobacco. It is not probable that the Senate will pass these measures.

Mr. Gaston (Democrat) has been elected Mayor of Boston. The New York Tribune and World positively state that General Schenck has been offered and has signified his willingness to accept the British Mission, but he will probably not be able to leave Congress until the conclusion of the present Session. Several other journals, however, deny that General Schenck has been appointed as alleged.

It is reported in New York that Canada will withdraw the use of the Welland Canal from American vessels in case of the adoption of President Grant's recommendation that the present system of commercial intercourse should be suspended.

Governor Walker, in his Message to the Virginia Legislature, urges prompt legislation to secure the early restoration of the State credit. He recommends the funding of the entire State debt, principal and interest, in new bonds, to be dated July 1, 1871—the first coupons to be payable in January, 1872. He also advises efforts being made to secure the removal of the Federal tax.

A negro riot has occurred at Atlanta, Georgia, in which six persons were killed and forty wounded.

### CANADA.

The Montreal Gazette (Ministerial paper), in discussing President Grant's Message, shows the inconsistency of the President's complaints with the Treaty of 1818, and says that the fishery rights must be maintained. It adds that Canada is always ready to enter into arrangements for a settlement of all matters in dis-



late, but cannot submit to a demand of the stand-and-deliver order.

The *Montreal Herald and Independent* says that the enforcement of the fishery law is the exercise of an extreme right, but trusts that there will be sufficient good temper and right feeling on both sides to get over the existing difficulties.

## THE WAR.

### OPERATIONS ON THE LOIRE.

AFTER the battles which resulted in the recapture of Orleans by the Germans, the struggle was continued by the French, under General Chanzy, for several days—that is, from the 4th to the 10th inst.—in a succession of combats at various places between Orleans and Beaugency, and thence onwards to Blois. General Chanzy, however, having been outflanked by the Hessians, under Prince Louis, was compelled to retreat, it is believed on Tours, abandoning Blois to the Germans, by whom it was occupied on Tuesday. It is related from Bordeaux that when the Prussians arrived before Blois, on the left bank of the river, the bridge over the Loire being broken, they summoned the town to surrender and to restore the bridge, under a threat of bombardment. M. Gambetta was present in the town, and he formally refused the request, which, however, was subsequently complied with. Blois is the most westerly point which the Germans have occupied on the Loire; its name is one more added to the historical cities of France which have fallen into the power of the invader. It was at Vienne, the suburb of Blois on the left bank of the river, that the Imperial army was disbanded in 1815, while the city itself was occupied by the troops of the Allies.

It seems that the German as well as the French Army of the Loire has been dispersed in consequence of the encounters of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th inst. On Thursday week, while the Duke of Mecklenburg was fighting for Beaugency, another German corps was attacking a French force on the road to Bourges, and a third harassing the retreat of another French corps near Gien. As a consequence of these operations, Vierzon fell into the hands of the Germans. Vierzon is forty miles south of Orleans, on the road to Bourges. It is an important railway junction, by which Orleans, Bourges, Nevers, and Dijon have hitherto communicated with Tours in safety behind the Loire. The next line of railway communication with Tours, from east to west, is that by St. Sulpice and Poitiers, one hundred miles further south of Vierzon. A despatch from Bordeaux states that Vierzon has been retaken by the French. We do not hear of the announcement, however, except as a Bordeaux rumour. Another Bordeaux telegram states that "frequent engagements have been fought between the different army corps encamped on the long line of battle extending from Le Mans beyond Vierzon."

### CAPTURE OF PHALSBURG AND MONTMÉDY BY THE GERMANS.

One by one the Prussians are clearing away the obstructions to their use of the railways leading out of Germany. Phalsburg—the surrender of which, on Monday, after a gallant resistance of four months, has swelled by nearly 2000 men and 65 guns the stupendous total of the invader's captures—did not block the Strasbourg-Nancy line, which passes at a mile or two's distance to the south of the town; but still, it occupied men and was inconvenient, and the fall confers a sensible relief on the Germans. Montmédy, which surrendered on Wednesday, does not in itself give over to the Germans at once the possession of any new stretch of railroad; but it is one of several fortresses, from Thionville to Mézières, which command the line along the northern frontier of France; and that line, at present of comparatively slight advantage for the invaders, would become of much importance if they actually occupied the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg—for then they could relieve the already too heavily taxed southern lines by running trains right on from Cologne to Rheims, or even into the rear of the besiegers of Paris at Lagny or Dammarville, by way of Trèves, Luxembourg, Thionville, Mézières, through Reims on the one side or Hirsion and Soissons on the other. Meantime, Longuyon and Mézières still hold out; and a little more sieging must be done ere the Germans can gain this additional means of access to their armies round the French capital.

### THE FRENCH ARMY OF THE NORTH.

What, viewed through the French telegrams, seems a new and unlooked-for danger besetting the invaders, is an advance by the French Army of the North, under General Faidherbe. This officer, who has entered into Bourbaki's labours in organising the 22nd Corps at Lille, and among the fortresses of the farthest North, after retaking Ham, where he captured a number of prisoners, many of whom were engineer officers, has "passed La Fère without attacking it;" and since he is marching southward or south-eastward, it would appear, if we believe the present statement, that he has designs on the communications of the Fourth German Army lying round the north side of Paris, and of the army of Manteuffel on the Lower Seine. Clearly, the invaders cannot permit this new force, whose commander acts so boldly, if not so rashly, to operate at will in a region of such critical importance; and in Faidherbe's sudden movement we may find some explanation of the reported withdrawal of the Germans from the front of Havre. It is true, some accounts would make out their advance on Havre to be only a feint covering prospective operations against Cherbourg; but as yet we have no evidence of any important movement of Germans in the direction of the great arsenal; and if the French really can, as they assert, put 30,000 men in to the field from Havre alone, besides Faidherbe's corps operating from Lille as its base, there will be enough work for the enemy north of the Seine during a week or two. The troops of Moignart, who is said to have quitted Havre in quest of the enemy—and of Faidherbe, chiefly composed of the corps beaten in front of Amiens—are, indeed, far inferior in quality to the German soldiers of the 1st and 8th Corps. Those corps, however, must now be sadly attenuated by marching, battle, the weather, and the maintenance of long lines of communications and posts; and since not many men can be spared from the investing lines around Paris, in view of the new sorties threatened by Trochu, it is to Manteuffel that Moltke must look for a riddance from the enemy in the rear of the Meuse army.

A despatch from Lille, dated Thursday, says that a fresh Prussian corps has been hastily dispatched from before Paris to oppose the advance of General Faidherbe. Several engagements have taken place between Ham and La Fère. Two hundred Prussians were captured between Ham and Flavy. A Prussian column of 2500 men from Erchen appearing before Ham an engagement took place, lasting all the morning. Fighting has also taken place at Aubigny.

### AFFAIRS AT HAVRE.

The defenders of Havre have been kept on the qui vive by the Prussians without having had an opportunity of showing their valour. The Germans appear to have gone their way satisfied with having threatened the town. There has been no attack in force, but only a little skirmishing beyond Hartleur in the woods of Gainneville, and in front of Montevilliers, between the Prussian cavalry and the advanced posts of the French, who occupied the semicircle between the sea at Acteville and the Seine at Gonfreville, wide in advance of their first line of defence. Indeed, we are told that, instead of Havre being attacked, the French General Moignart has advanced with 30,000 men, with the object of pursuing, and, if possible, cutting off, the Prussians threatening Havre. Havre is plentifully supplied with the best war material, and gun-boats are stationed on the river Seine for use if required. At Montleur the number of French troops is increasing, and there are no signs whatever of the Prussians in the neighbourhood. It is supposed they have abandoned the idea of attacking it.

### THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

The Paris forts are almost silent. A number of guns have been removed from forts Issy, Vanvres, and Valérien; but a monster

cannon newly placed on Valérien fires 9000 paces. Several detachments are being stationed by General Trochu to stop deserters. The latest intelligence from inside Paris states that a council of all the commanders of sections of the defence has been held at the Louvre, in order to arrange for decisive operations for the deliverance of Paris. We may, consequently, at any moment expect to hear of another vigorous outfall, as the Germans term it.

In the recent fighting around Paris the Germans and the French suffered equally. The casualties in killed and wounded are now said to be 17,000 in the sorties alone.

### MISCELLANEOUS WAR NEWS.

General Manteuffel reports having occupied Dieppe and Fécamp, in both of which he, it is said, "requisitioned" extensively. According to the *Vigie* of Dieppe, the Germans left that city last Saturday morning, followed by numerous carts containing provisions, ammunition, and the soldiers' baggage.

The Prussians are proceeding vigorously with their attack on Belfort, which is making a splendid defence. The enemy succeeded in occupying Danjoutin, but was subsequently driven out with great losses, one regiment, it is said, being entirely cut up. The Prussians acknowledge that the siege of Belfort costs more men than all the other strongholds.

One of General Trochu's aides-de-camp, who left Paris in a balloon, has arrived at Lille. His object is said to be to communicate to the Commanders of the East, the West, the North, and the Loire, the new plans adopted in Paris.

At Cherbourg all was quiet last Saturday. 32,000 troops were expected to arrive by Sunday. The country was ready to be flooded, and the railway approach was protected by a great number of cannon. The land defences extend to a distance of fifteen leagues from the port. Up to Sunday last troops continued to be withdrawn from Havre for the defence of Cherbourg.

News from St. Malo and the north-western part of France speaks of renewed energy on the part of the French, and large bodies of men, horses, and war material are advancing to join the Army of the Loire.

It is rumoured at Florence that General Garibaldi has resigned his command in the French Army of the Vosges, and is about to return to Italy.

It is stated in a Dresden telegram that the Saxon Minister of War has been appointed German Governor-General of the provinces of the north of France occupied by the invading troops.

### MARSHAL BAZAINE'S REPORT.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* gives some extracts from Marshal Bazaine's "Report on the Operations of the Army of the Rhine from Aug. 13 to Oct. 29," which is about to appear in French and German at Berlin. It seems from this pamphlet that after the battles of Aug. 14, 16, and 18, when the retreat on Verdun was frustrated, the commanders of army corps and other military chiefs were convened. Their opinion was that the army must remain in Metz, which otherwise could not hold out a fortnight, thus keeping 200,000 Germans employed, giving France time to organise, and in case of the enemy's retreat making it as disastrous as possible. Unfortunately, the civil and military authorities of the place had not betimes taken measures to collect provisions and forage from the neighbouring cantons and to expel useless mouths and foreigners, though the presence of the latter might be dangerous. The besieged were therefore confined from the first to the inconsiderable stores in the shops and in the few villages within their lines. It was resolved on the 26th to make sallies, to give the enemy no rest, and at the same time to try and augment their stores; but on the receipt of a despatch from the Emperor, announcing that he was advancing in the direction of Montmédy and would act according to circumstances in order to help them, this plan was superseded by the fights of Aug. 31 and Sept. 1, designed for a movement on Thionville. All the Marshal's despatches to the Government remained unanswered, his only information from without being derived from parliamentary or German newspapers found on prisoners. Very few of the townspeople offered any service, and but very few joined the Mobiles. On Oct. 10 a council of war unanimously decided to send General Boyer to Versailles, for the purpose of ascertaining the real position of the country and the concessions likely to be made to them, in the interest both of the army and of peace. The protocol of this council is quoted. It recites that the bread would only last ten days, that the horses were suffering great mortality from want of fodder; that the sick and wounded numbered 19,000; that disease was on the increase; that the hospitals were full—2000 wounded being lodged with civilians; and that surgeons, medicines, and appliances were wanting. The council unanimously negated the project of attempting expeditions in the vicinity of the fortress to obtain food and fodder, as unlikely to produce even a few days' more victualling, and as likely, by their attendant losses, to depress the spirit of the troops. General Boyer returned on the 18th, and reported the conditions on which the army would be allowed free exit with arms and war material. He described the internal state of the country as pictured to him, the impossibility of treating with the existing Government without the previous summoning of a Constituent Assembly, and the postponement of that Assembly. The council also decided, by seven to two, that he should return to Versailles, and thence proceed to England, in the hope of obtaining, through the Empress's intervention, more favourable conditions, it being unanimously resolved that the Marshal should sign no treaty including questions not connected with the army, as the army must entirely refrain from all political negotiations. The object of General Boyer's mission was to extricate the army from its frightful position and preserve it for France. The Marshal says he received no direct intelligence as to this mission; but on the 24th he learnt from Prince Frederick Charles that the Prussian head-quarters had given up the hope of coming to any result through political negotiations. This information was discussed at a council of war on the 25th, which decided to send General Changarnier, who had throughout set an illustrious example of self-abnegation and bravery, to ask the Prince for an armistice with victualling, or for leave for the army to retire into Africa. This mission being fruitless, the council, on the 26th, unanimously deputed General Jarras to treat for a capitulation. The Marshal ordered all the eagles to be collected, that they might be burnt; but this was not carried out in all the corps. A fresh order from the Staff was issued, but in the interim the convention had been signed which would have been infringed by any destruction of trophies. The pamphlet concludes by quoting in full the official statements of the Tours Government from Oct. 22 to Oct. 28, expatiating on the superabundant provisions in Metz, the splendid position of the army, and the defeats of the Prussians. To these the Marshal appends a curt but significant note:—"These despatches, which were published and placarded at Tours at a time when the army of Metz was in so critical a position, exclude all comment."

A FRENCHMAN, who had made it his business to persuade Belgian soldiers to desert for the purpose of enlisting in France, has been sentenced at Brussels to six months' imprisonment.

ANOTHER FATAL RAILWAY COLLISION!—Two more railway collisions have occurred, in one of which fourteen passengers were killed and about thirty others, some of whom are not expected to recover, were injured. It is the old story of "shunting." Near Barnsley, on Monday afternoon, a number of trucks, which were being passed from one line to the other, broke loose, and, being on an incline two miles long, gradually acquired so terrific a momentum that when they reached a passenger-train, which had just drawn up to the platform at Stafrist station, the collision was terrific. Two of the carriages and the brake-van were smashed to pieces, and all the passengers frightfully injured, with fatal results, as above stated, to fourteen. In the second case neither of the belligerent trains conveyed passengers, and the drivers and stokers all escaped unhurt. This collision occurred on the Midland line near Kegworth, on Tuesday morning, and is attributed to a thick fog which prevailed. Both engines were much damaged, and the line was blocked for some hours.

### THE GERMAN ARMY.

Now that Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria are about to bind themselves to Prussia by special military conventions, it may be interesting to see what position the troops of these States will hold in the great German army, and of what that army is itself composed. The army of North Germany consists at this moment of thirteen army corps and one division, that of Hesse-Darmstadt; and each army corps, with the exception of the Guard corps (recruited from all parts of North Germany except Saxony), is connected with and bears the name of a particular province or state.

The following is a complete list of the corps at present included in the North German Army, with the origin of each assigned:—

Guard Corps (representing North Germany in general); 1st Army Corps, East Prussia; 2nd, Pomeranians; 3rd, Brandenburg; 4th, Province of Saxony; 5th, Posen; 6th, Silesia; 7th, Westphalia; 8th, Rhine Province; 9th, Schleswig-Holstein and Mecklenburg; 10th, Hanover, Brunswick, and Oldenburg; 11th, Hesse-Cassel and Nassau; 12th, kingdom of Saxony.

Hesse-Darmstadt furnishes half a corps, or one division, being the 25th of the North German army, exclusive of the divisions of the Guard corps. The Baden troops will now form the 26th Division, the Hesse-Darmstadt and Baden division composing, together, the 13th Army Corps.

The two Wurtemberg divisions will be numbered 27 and 28, and will make up the 14th Army Corps; while the two army corps now known as the 1st and 2nd Bavarians will become the 15th and 16th of the German army.

Each army corps consists of nine regiments of infantry (3000 strong), one of which should be a fusilier regiment, one battalion of chasseurs (recruited, like the fusiliers, but with greater care, from among foresters, gamekeepers, and others accustomed from childhood to the use of the gun), one battalion of pioneers, one battalion of train, from five to six regiments of cavalry (about 730 strong), fifteen batteries of artillery (six guns to the battery), and eight companies of fortress artillery.

While speaking of the organisation of the North German army, it may not be out of place to state the various conditions of service in the army. Much has been written on the subject; but there are probably still a great many Englishmen who confound landwehr and reserve, who believe in the existence of the landsturm, and who would be unable at a moment's notice to explain the difference between an *avantaguer* and a one-year volunteer.

To begin at the beginning, every North German of the age of twenty-one who has not already volunteered is taken by conscription to serve in the ranks of the army, with these exceptions:—1, Mediatized Princes; 2, students in theology; 3, only sons of widows, if their labour be necessary for their mother's support; 4, members of the sect of Mennonites (living chiefly in East Prussia), whose religion forbids them to shed blood; but as their religion does not forbid them to heal wounds, the Mennonites have to serve as hospital attendants, litter-bearers while on the field of battle, and so on. Volunteers. These are of three kinds—one-year volunteers, three-year volunteers, and *avantaguer*s.

The one-year volunteer must pass an examination or produce a certificate to the effect that he has been in one of the highest classes of a gymnasium. He may then choose his arm and regiment. He must support himself, and furnish his own uniform and equipment. If he enters the cavalry, he brings his own horse with him, except in time of war, when the Government provides the horse, but charges the one-year volunteer for forage. His twelvemonth's service at an end, the one-year volunteer, as a rule, retires into private life; but, if he wishes, he may pass a military examination, and, after serving from four to six weeks as corporal and as sergeant-major, may, if his service have been approved, become an officer of reserve, and, after a time, a landwehr officer.

The three-year volunteer (who must volunteer for four years if he enters the cavalry) has the privilege of choosing his regiment and of beginning his service at the age of eighteen, or, if the inspecting surgeon consents, seventeen. To be near his home he selects a regiment stationed in his own town or district, and he finds it an advantage at the age of twenty or twenty-one to have fulfilled his military obligations to the State. Often, however, the three-year volunteer acquires a taste for military life, and it is from this class that the non-commissioned officers are chiefly taken. After completing his three or four years' service he may re-engage himself from year to year, and, when he has been twelve years in the army, has a recognised claim to an appointment on a railway, in the telegraph or post office, or in some other department, in which clerkships and porterships are specially reserved by the State, or by contract with the State, for retired "under-officers."

The *avantaguer*, or cadet, is a volunteer who enters the army as a private with the distinct object of becoming an officer. Before being admitted in the character of *avantaguer* he must have passed a University examination (the same as that for the rank of ensign). He then serves for a year, or sometimes less than a year, as private, or first as private and afterwards as non-commissioned officer; when, if his conduct and character are approved by the Colonel and the body of officers, he is recommended for a commission.

We have so lately given an account of the qualifications required from officers entering as such that on that point of the Prussian system we will not touch. But it is not generally known that direct promotion from the ranks is recognised in Prussia. Such, however, is the fact; and regiments might be named in which, during the war of 1866, no less than four or five commissions were given to privates and under-officers for distinguished conduct in the field.

In 1867 the Prussian, or North German, military system was modified in various particulars; and, among other changes, the landsturm, of which one still hears from time to time, was abolished; formerly the Prussian soldier served three years in Line, two in reserve, seven in landwehr of the first draught, and seven in landwehr of the second draught. That brought him to the age of forty, and from forty to forty-eight he was still liable, in case of invasion, to serve in the landsturm. At present, entering at the age of twenty-one, the conscript serves three years (usually a few months less) in Line. He may then get married and live according to his own views, except that twice a year he must present himself to the sergeant of his district, and twice a year go through from four to six weeks' drill. He is in reserve, and so remains for four years, during which period, if war breaks out, he will be called upon to resume service in the Line. At the expiration of the reserve period of four years, the ex-Linesman becomes a landwehr man of the first draught. He serves no more with troops of the Line, but, on the landwehr being called out, will be among the first summoned to arms. After five years of this service, or liability to service, the landwehr man of the first draught becomes a landwehr man of the second draught, and for five years more may be required to bear arms, but not until the Line, with its reserves, and the landwehr of the first draught have already taken the field.

When, in the armies of the newly-allied States, each Line regiment, as in Prussia, has its landwehr regiment corresponding with it, there will be no such thing as "landwehr of the second draught." The service required of every conscript will be limited (as, in theory, it is at this moment) to three years in Line, four years in reserve, and five years in landwehr.

LORD LAWRENCE was, on Thursday, elected Chairman, and Mr. Charles Reed, M.P., Vice-Chairman of the Metropolitan School Board.

PRUSSIAN DISCIPLINE.—One of the great military chiefs was going to his quarters the other evening, inside the princely precincts, when he was brought up by the point of a bayonet and a demand for the password. The General had forgotten it. "I am General von —," he explained. "I have forgotten the pass." The sentry was a man of few words, but they were emphatic. In Polish German, he merely observed, "I will shoot you;" and looked so very like it that the General desisted from verbal controversy, and waited till a soldier from the post had returned with an officer to identify his Excellency and give orders for his release.—*Letter from Versailles.*



### BOLTON NEW TOWNHALL.

THIS edifice stands on the site of the old pot market, on the west side of the Market-square. The Townhall is, in its general architectural features, Corinthian, this order forming the two principal stories, which are supported on a rusticated basement. The architects are Mr. William Hill, of Leeds, and Mr. George Goodhouse, of Bolton. The estimate of cost was about £100,000, the site alone costing £31,000. The building is a parallelogram, almost a perfect square, having a projection on the four sides—the east, or Market-square, being the portico. The tower is 220 ft. high, by 173 ft. in length and 143 ft. in depth. The great hall occupies the centre of the building: internal dimensions, 106 ft. long and 56 ft. wide. Along the east front are the offices of the surveyor and treasurer. The court-room, 51 ft. by 41 ft., is in the centre of the west side, with rooms for witnesses, &c.; on the north, for magistrates, &c.; on the south, rooms for barristers, &c. Along the east front are the offices of the town clerk, and the Mayor's reception-rooms, &c. The contract was undertaken by Messrs. Ellis and Hinchcliffe, of Manchester.

### THE NEW CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOLS.

THE site selected by the governors for the new schools is a plot of ground known as the Deanery Farm Estate, situated a short distance south of Godalming, overlooking the direct Portsmouth railway; and it may be affirmed that, within a similar distance of the metropolis, a more eligible situation could not have been selected. The ground rises somewhat abruptly from the railway to a plateau comparatively level, the northern extremity of which, being the highest, has been selected for the new buildings; and these, by a judicious management of the levels, will appear to stand slightly elevated on a terrace above the remaining part of the ground, which is to be appropriated as a cricket-field. The oak-trees on the site are to form avenues on the east, west, and south sides; while the abrupt slopes on the south and east offer a favourable opportunity for the landscape-gardener to add to the natural beauty of the situation.

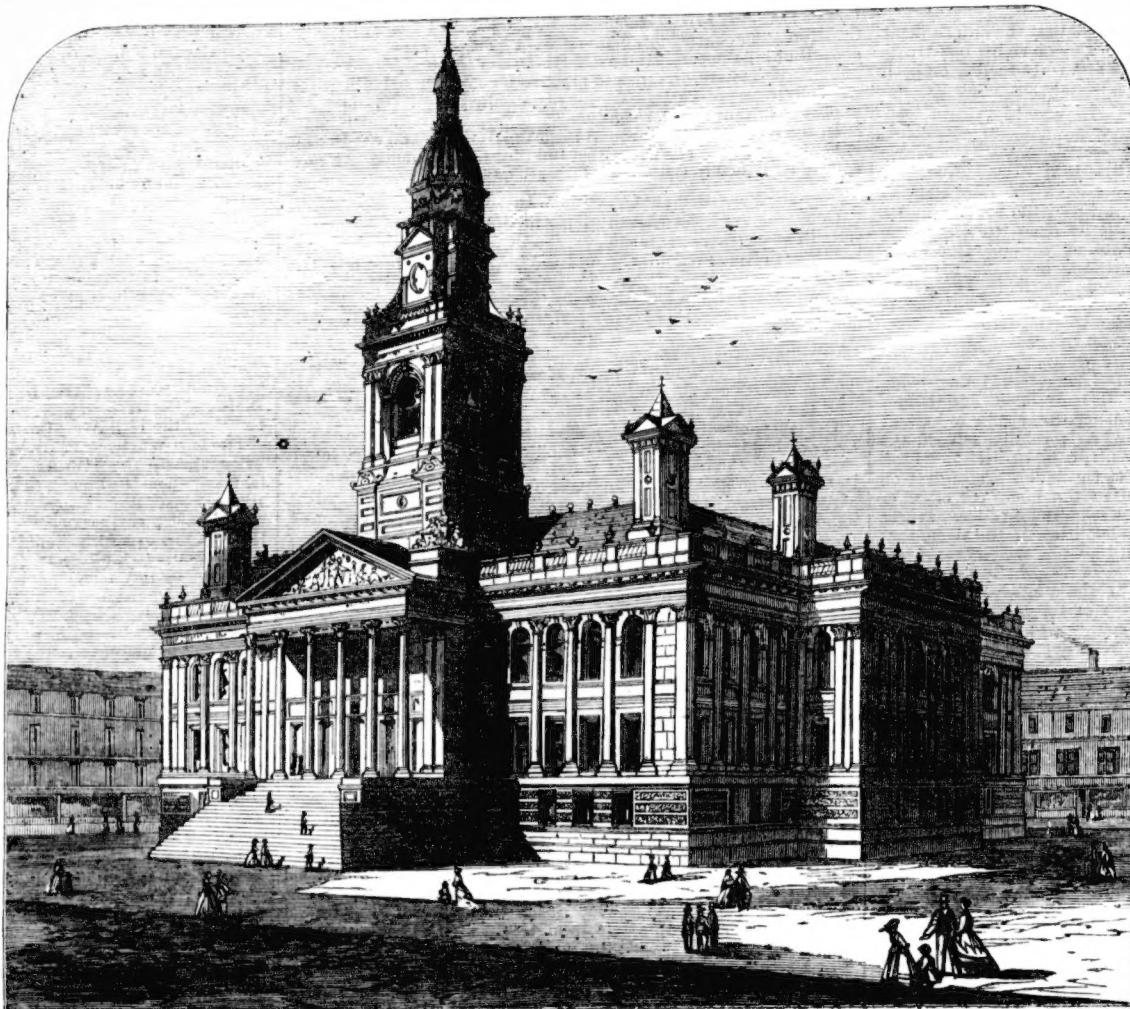
The buildings have been arranged with a view to future extension; the addition of the chapel, however, which is not included in the first contract, will complete whole. They will consist of the gown boys' house, or the foundation establishment, and residences for the head and second masters. The approach will be from the south-west, from which point the view is supposed to be taken.

The gown boys' house, distinguished by a high tower in the centre, will form the eastern side of an entrance court, forming three sides of a quadrangle, the north side of which will be occupied by the head master's house, and the south side by the proposed chapel. This latter will form the western extremity of

the south front, or that which will face the cricket-ground; contiguous to which will be the residence for the second master, with ground beyond, eastward, for additional masters' residences, or "houses," as may be required. The entrance to the gown boys' house under the tower will lead by the south walk of the cloisters to the school and class rooms. South of the cloisters will be arranged various domestic offices—the library will be situated on the west side, while the north is proposed as the site for the future hall and the offices connected therewith. Accommodation is provided in two large dormitories for sixty gown boys, each of whom will have a separate cubicle; and in addition, under the direct supervision of the assistant masters, studies are provided in the proportion of one to every three boys. A complete establishment is provided for the matron, also meeting-room for the governors, office for the manciple, &c.

The houses for the head and second masters are similar in accommodation, and as nearly so in arrangement as the difference of situation would admit. Each consists of drawing, dining, morning, and private rooms, with the usual offices necessary for a gentleman's establishment; and, added to this, accommodation for fifty boys in two large dormitories, with studies in proportion as to the gown-boys' house, these being arranged so as to be

Suffolk-street may be regarded as one of the most attractive of the season for several reasons, the most prominent of which is the remarkable truthfulness and the happy escape from conventionalism which characterise a large number of the pictures. This is, perhaps, the more observable inasmuch as there are many of which rustic life and character are the subjects; and the visitor can scarcely fail to be surprised at the simplicity and reality of the people who are depicted on the canvas, and appeal so immediately to the appreciation which has too often been affronted by the pictorial prettinesses that are so generally made to do duty for rural beauties and the stage rusticity with which artists are too apt to represent village swains. It may not be out of place to remark, also, that there are very few high-art pictures in the gallery—very few, that is, of those aspiring efforts after great classic achievements which are scarcely consistent with a gallery devoted to the current works and sketches of artists who make this an annual exhibition. The whole collection may be divided into a number of admirable landscapes, cattle pieces, and seascapes, as large a number of "genre" pictures, and some capital and very striking figure compositions of a more decided character. There are but about half a dozen large works, and even they are small enough for the walls of a moderate-sized dining-room, so that the result is a



NEW TOWNHALL AT BOLTON.

under the immediate supervision of an assistant master and a matron.

The buildings will be most substantial in character, faced throughout with the local Bargate stone, with bands of Kentish rag, the quoins, strings, and ornamental features being of Tisbury stone. All the floors will be fire-proof, and due regard has been paid to efficient ventilation.

The architect engaged in the work is P. C. Hardwick, Esq., of 21, Cavendish-square.

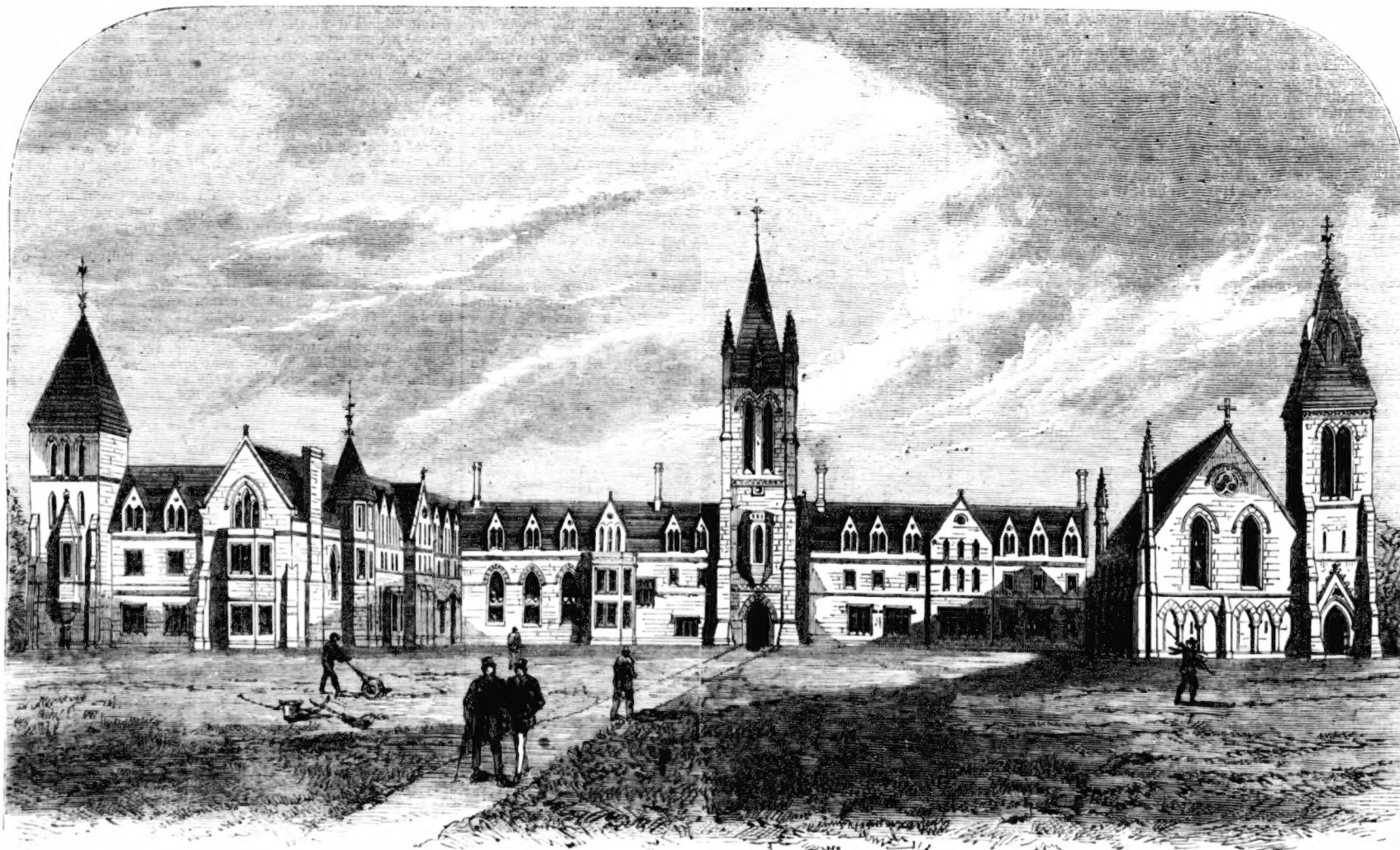
### "AN OLD FRIEND FAILING."

OF the very charming collection of pictures now exhibiting at the Dudley Gallery we have already given some account, and in a previous Number we referred to the high character of those small works which are sure to attract popular attention to this collection. We are glad to have the opportunity this week of reproducing one of them in our columns; and, though it is impossible in an Engraving to indicate the admirable colouring and tone of the original painting, our readers may at least be led to appreciate the skill with which the humour of this little domestic incident is preserved, and the freedom and grace of the drawing. The present season has been especially distinguished for the number and excellence of the pleasant little pictures of which this is so admirable an example.

### FINE ARTS.

#### THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Winter Exhibition of this society at the gallery in Suffolk-street may be regarded as one of the most attractive of the season for several reasons, the most prominent of which is the remarkable truthfulness and the happy escape from conventionalism which characterise a large number of the pictures. This is, perhaps, the more observable inasmuch as there are many of which rustic life and character are the subjects; and the visitor can scarcely fail to be surprised at the simplicity and reality of the people who are depicted on the canvas, and appeal so immediately to the appreciation which has too often been affronted by the pictorial prettinesses that are so generally made to do duty for rural beauties and the stage rusticity with which artists are too apt to represent village swains. It may not be out of place to remark, also, that there are very few high-art pictures in the gallery—very few, that is, of those aspiring efforts after great classic achievements which are scarcely consistent with a gallery devoted to the current works and sketches of artists who make this an annual exhibition. The whole collection may be divided into a number of admirable landscapes, cattle pieces, and seascapes, as large a number of "genre" pictures, and some capital and very striking figure compositions of a more decided character. There are but about half a dozen large works, and even they are small enough for the walls of a moderate-sized dining-room, so that the result is a



THE NEW CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOLS NEAR GODALMING.



pleasant and interesting collection of about 600 oil and water colour pictures, more than two thirds of which belong to the former division.

Beginning with the landscapes, we must notice two charming pictures by Mr. Walter H. Foster—"Among the Weeds on the Mole, Surrey" (16), and "The Llugwy, near Capel Curig, North Wales" (26). The former appears to us to be a little defective in the liquid property of the water and its opacity of colour—a peculiarity which may, however, be on the side of reality, amidst the crowd of leaves and weeds that choke the stream. Near the latter picture is another Welsh scene, "Near Llyn-ydu" (17), by Mr. J. Tennant, a very excellent bit of work, with remarkable unity of handling. "A Summer's Evening" (35), by Mr. T. F. Wainwright, is a sketch with an appearance of ease and rapid execution, but full of fine feeling and tender colour. "Lochnagar, from Ben-a-Bord" (36), by Mr. A. Panton, is well and solidly painted; and the same may be said of Mr. J. C. Adams's fine picture, "A Rainbow at Night is the Shepherd's Delight" (45), where the foliage is admirably massed in varied tints that contrast well with the peculiar light. One of the pleasantest bits of realism in the whole gallery is Mr. E. S. Rowley's "Old Sheds—

Wimbledon-common" (51), the management of the evening light being excellent in its absence of artifice. Mr. J. Danby's "View near Bournemouth, Dorset" (52) is also an attractive little picture, admirable in its ease and freedom of execution.

"Evening in Wales" (60), by Mr. C. Smith, should be mentioned among the smaller works, of which so many are highly meritorious; and Mr. E. J. Cobbett's "Scene in North Wales" (98) is another of the capital results of the Welsh studies that are always to be found in our winter galleries. "Borrowdale, Cumberland" (93), by Mr. T. Pyne, is a successful rendering of a scene requiring considerable force in treatment. A little picture called "The Swing" (106), by the late Mr. H. Shirley, is very tender and fresh in the colour of the foliage, but is hung too high. Mr. G. A. Williams sends two good Cumberland scenes, "Near Ambleside" (117) and "Near Grasmere" (126), both admirably sketched from nature. Mr. E. J. Cobbett's "Sandbank, Ripley" (160), is a very skilful bit of colour—a bloom of heather in a corner by a rabbit burrow; and a similar subject, in a larger picture, has been sent by Mr. C. Calthrop, under the title of "Sandhills, Hampshire" (185). A very remarkable work is Mr. A. Panton's "Departing Day" (210), striking in its dark intensity.

"After the Storm" (229), by Mr. J. C. Adams, is another effective picture, the lurid light resting on the hills being rendered with singular skill. As a contrast of soft, beautiful colour, Mr. T. O. Hume's "Sunset in the Trosachs" (236) will attract admiring attention; and Mr. Walter H. Foster's "Holmwood-common" (257) is another very charming scene, contrasting finely with Mr. W. Bromley's "Storm Clearing off Hayes-common" (263), a work rarely executed in its management of light and shade. "Zurich" (253), by the late Mr. J. B. Pyne, is in itself worth a journey to see, it is so clear and bright and full of exquisite colour; and two other grand pictures by the same artist, from Lake Maggiore (506 and 507), are exquisite in the qualities that belong essentially to this school of painting.

"The Evening Glow" (337) is a charming little bit, the golden effect of the corn-field being one of the happy efforts by which the artist, Mr. G. S. Walters, is distinguished; and another work by the same gentleman, "A Back Water of the Thames" (376), is full of beauty, both in colour and handling. A similar subject has been chosen by Mr. W. L. Wyllie for a larger work (156), and has been treated by him with consummate skill in freedom of drawing and effective colour.



"AN OLD FRIEND FAILING."—(FROM A PICTURE BY BURR, IN THE DUDLEY GALLERY.)

Among the regular water and sea pieces, however, we must notice first a charming little bit placed below the line—"The Lea near Temple Mills" (21), by Miss Isabel Bennett. Very suggestive of drear solitude is "The Beach in Winter" (47), by Mr. W. L. Wyllie; and "Northern Lights" (70), by the same artist, is a remarkable work. Mr. Danby's "Sunset on the Seashore" (83) is one of the finest pictures in the exhibition; and "Cast Ashore" (159), by Mr. G. A. Williams, is full of wild sea storm, with wrecked castaways clinging to a tossing spar. "The Beaver Bridge on the Conway" (164) is a charming bit of soft liquid colouring; and Mr. Danby's picture of "Sea-fog Clearing off Lulworth Cove" (274) is one of two pictures by the same artist which are exquisite in tone and finish.

Of genre and character pictures there are many that are admirable, and some which will probably appear in engravings amongst the art-illustrations of the year. Mr. R. C. Green's "Walk from Market" is very good in tone and colour, and so admirable in finish and expression that it is far more than an elaborate study; while Mr. Cobbett's "Fern-Gatherer" (32) is also fine in tone and handling. Mr. Hemsley's "Cottage Interior" (42), with a boy and girl looking at a picture-book, is quietly humorous and admirable in its dealing with the homely accessories of the scene. "The Gamblers," by Mr. Tourrier (61), is little more than a sketch, but it is full of character, notwith-

standing its modern style—the gamblers being two idlers who sit and smoke on a window-seat while they play at "four corners" with pebbles on a chalked board. "The Obstinate Juryman" (65), by Mr. J. Ritchie, is well imagined, but over-painted; the juryman being dramatically obstinate—so obstinate, indeed, that his firmness breaks out in a rash upon his face. "Queen Elizabeth Receiving the Ring of Lord Essex from the Countess of Nottingham on her Deathbed" is a capital little picture, carefully painted, and with great force of expression and management of colour. Mr. Bromley's "Rustic Courtship" (91) is admirable, inasmuch as it depicts a real honest country lout and a pleasant, plain young woman in a natural and pleasing light. It is worth a dozen of the mere conventional pictures which represent operatic love-making of impossible Corydons and Phillises. Mr. C. Hunt sends a funny picture, under the title of "Bacchus"—a young scapegrace who has left his toys to ride astride a beer-barrel, mug in hand.

"Being Plucked" (115), by Mr. S. B. Clarke, is remarkably well painted, conspicuous for its freedom and masterly drawing, though it represents no more than a boy plucking the feathers from a duck's wing; it is a good example of the force that elevates an ordinary subject into a striking picture. "Patchwork" (124), by Mr. Haynes King, is a capital specimen of that artist's fine finish and quiet humour. The figure of the old lady threading her needle and the expression of her face is perfect;

while the accessories are so completely in keeping, and so well studied, that it is one of the most attractive little bits in the gallery. "Happy Childhood" (131), by Mr. C. Bauerle, is another noticeable bit of reality—a true child, with a battered doll on each arm. The whole picture, from the rumpled hair and queer, quizzical face of the girl, to the blank, wooden features of her inanimate playmates, being as admirable for truth as for bold and appreciative rendering.

"The Serious Volume" (142), by Mr. A. H. Tourrier is remarkable for its successful attempt to paint a figure with the face and upper part of the body in shadow. The figure of the girl, who is reading in the nook beside a window, is finely painted, and the whole study is admirable in its mastery of self-imposed difficulty. "The Story of the Little Pigs," by Mr. A. W. Bayes, is one of those pretty domestic pictures which tells its own story very sweetly, and Mr. Bryant's "Stealing the Sugar Again" (206) is a similar bit of family interest. "Up a Court, Whitby" (241), a sketch by Mr. F. Holl, is a strangely suggestive representation of a girl Arab of a large town which offers some other features than those with which Londoners are too familiar. "The Homily" (26), by Mr. W. H. Weatherhead, is a reminiscence of Puritan times, the preacher taking the opportunity of having been supplied with a tankard of ale by a pretty serving-maid, to read her a lesson, which even his serious looks somewhat



belic. Owing to an accident, Mr. E. C. Barnes has been unable to send the picture the title of which appears in the catalogue as No. 39; but there can be little reason to deplore the exchange, even though we may regret the occasion for it. He has exhibited an exquisitely-painted half-length of a fair girl, all in white, and with pearls and white beads for ornaments, leaning over the front of an opera-box. The management is wonderful, and contrasts admirably with his other picture, "From the Well" (91)—a Rebekah, whose face, form, and Oriental costume are rich in that control of colour of which the artist is so consummate a master.

Mr. Morgan contributes one of his admirably-characteristic portrait sketches, under the title of "The Men that Men the Life-Boat" (266), a row of real hardy sea-dogs, with faces full of fine expression; and with this capital picture we must close our present notice of one of the most attractive exhibitions of the year.

### THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES,

to be published on DECEMBER 24, Price 4½d.; post free, 5d.  
will contain the following among other Engravings:—

Christmas Morning. Drawn by A. Slader.  
A Bavarian Hall. Drawn by Catermole.  
The First Kiss under the Mistletoe. Drawn by H. D. Friston.  
Home through the Wood. Drawn by R. Huttula.  
A Christmas Dinner in the Olden Time. Drawn by Gustave Janet.  
Listening to the Christmas Bells. Drawn by A. Slader.  
The Christmas Dinner: How It was Stolen, and What became of It. Drawn by Warwick Reynolds.

Together with Illustrations of Current Events.

The Number will also contain Tales, Sketches, Poems, and other Articles suitable to the Season, among which will be:—

One Christmas Eve I Spent. By K. Macquoid.  
The Dull Damsel. By W. B. Rands.  
The Clever Baby, and How he Bothered the Fairies. By Edward Rose.  
A Strange Gift and a Strange Guest. By Franz Dordt.  
His First Entertainment. By C. W. Scott.  
The Christmas Bells. By Sheldon Chadwick.  
And all the News of the Week.

The Number and Supplement will be forwarded, post-free, to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of Ten Halfpenny Postage Stamps.

Advertisements for insertion in the Christmas Number cannot be received after Six p.m. on Tuesday, the 20th inst.



### MR. CARLYLE AND THE VERACITIES.

How long may a distinguished man go on writing and getting written about, and yet fail of being understood even in a leading point? It is hard to say. Descartes has been almost universally misapprehended. Dr. Johnson fancied he had refuted Berkeley by kicking a stone, and the supposed refutation is quoted down to this day as successful; though it was founded on a gross blunder as to the good Bishop's meaning. Lately we have been reading a great deal of comment, and some banter, upon Mr. Carlyle and his doctrine of "the Veracities," as he calls them, and nearly every word, if not quite every word, that we have stumbled upon simply shows that the writers, who abundantly show that they have read him, have not acquired the most elementary notion of his meaning.

The comment and the banter in question all turn upon the idea that when Mr. Carlyle speaks of Veracity he refers to exact correspondence of statements of detail with the details themselves. Thus, if a great captain asserts that he has 50,000 men in a particular spot when he has only 20,000, this is supposed to be a violation of Mr. Carlyle's canon of "veracity." But it is by no means necessarily so. It may be; but it may not. The question in Mr. Carlyle's mind would be—Can your 20,000 troops do the work for which the enemy supposes you require 50,000? If so, Mr. Carlyle would deal very leniently with the misstatement of detail. In a word, when he maintains so fiercely the infinite importance of Veracity, he means by veracity the dealing with facts in their true relations. His unvarnished person is one who, to use his own reiterated explanation, *mis-takes* things, and founds his conduct upon the mis-taking of them: his guilt depending, as to degree, upon the interests concerned, and the moral causes in himself which led to his error. Every man who attempts, with his eyes open, to deal with things as they are *not*, who will not accommodate himself and his doings to things as any honest man may see them actually to be, offends against Mr. Carlyle's "Veracities." But the small politic mendacities by which the Duke of Wellington used to get hold of ladders for scaling purposes, as he passed through towns, would, in Mr. Carlyle's eyes, be nothing against his "veracity."

Mr. Carlyle's late comments upon the French character and history were ungenerously timed, and not by any means exhaustive; but they sufficiently illustrated what he means by the Veracities. Unfortunately, his applications of his own doctrine are apt to be, in the French sense, brutal. Not less unfortunate is it that, in the case of Prussia, the Veracities are beginning to suggest themselves to the most friendly eyes.

"AQUARIUM AT THE INDIA HOUSE."—We owe an apology to our readers. In consequence of a misunderstanding with our Artist, the source of which we are still unable to fully trace out, the Engraving with the above title, in our Number of the 3rd inst., was believed by us to be a representation of what we called it—an aquarium at the India House; whereas it was a reproduction of a portion of a picture, by Lieut. F. Ingram Palmer, R.N., representing surface oceanic life as observed in the India and China seas. This picture was exhibited at the Admiralty, not at the India House; and was subsequently, we believe, removed to the Royal College of Surgeons, where perhaps it can still be seen.

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princesses Louise and Beatrice and Prince Leopold, will, it is understood, leave Windsor Castle about the 20th inst. for Osborne, where her Majesty will keep Christmas.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES will pass their Christmas at Sandringham.

THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI AND VI-COUNTESS BEAconsfield have been sojourning at Strathfieldsaye, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Wellington.

THE REV. CANON HARCOURT, Prebend of Carlisle Cathedral, died, on Saturday morning, at Carlisle. The Canonry thus rendered vacant is worth about £750 per annum, and the deceased Prebend held other appointments worth about £1000.

AT THE GREAT CHRISTMAS CATTLE MARKET, on Monday, the number of beasts for sale was 6728. The show of sheep is described as having been good, both as regards number and condition.

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL OF SEAMEN is now visiting the various large commercial ports in the United Kingdom with a view of ascertaining the possibility of increasing the Royal Naval Reserve.

CHOLERA prevails in an epidemic form at Bagdad.

A COTTON MILL was destroyed by fire at Bolton, on Wednesday, in which the damage is estimated at £20,000. A large fire is also reported to have taken place at Leeds, by which a standard carrying several telegraph wires communicating with the north of England was rendered useless.

MISS GLADSTONE, daughter of Mr. Robertson Gladstone, a Liverpool merchant and brother of the Premier, was married at Childwall Church, near Liverpool, on Wednesday, to Mr. Thornehill, of the firm of Sanger, Turnell, and Co., corn merchants, Liverpool. Amongst those present during the ceremony were the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and Sir Thomas Gladstone.

MR. W. H. S. AUBREY, the author of "The National and Domestic History of England," is a candidate for the clerkship of the London School Board. Mr. R. B. Litchfield, B.A., of the Inner Temple, one of the founders and the treasurer of the Working Men's College, in Great Ormond street, is also a candidate for the post.

ROBERT HEDLEY, the pointsman whose negligence led to the fatal collision on the North-Eastern Railway, was last Saturday committed for trial for manslaughter.

AN IMMENSE GUN was finished at Woolwich on Tuesday. It weighs 35 tons 7 cwt., and will throw a 700lb. shot, so as to pierce iron armour 15 in. in thickness. The ordinary charge of powder is calculated at 120 lb.

THE IDEA of establishing a National University for Technical Education is assuming a substantial character. An appropriate site upon Crown land, in the neighbourhood of Battersea Park, has been fixed upon, and negotiations with the Office of Works are pending.

THE BELGIAN CUSTOMS OFFICERS have made two seizures of arms which it was sought to convey into France—one at Howardries, consisting of 108 cha sepots, and another at Blandain, consisting of rifles of an old pattern.

MR. THOMAS BRASSEY, sen., the well-known railway contractor, died suddenly, on Thursday afternoon week, at St. Leonards, at the age of sixty-five. Two sons of the deceased have seats in the present House of Commons—Mr. Thomas Brassey for Hastings, and Mr. Henry Arthur Brassey for Sandwich.

THE PRUSSIAN MAIL which goes from Libramont to Sedan was taken by France-Tireurs in arms on Belgian territory. Belgian soldiers succeeded in retaking it and making the chief of the France-Tireurs prisoner.

MR. SCUDAMORE, speaking at a dinner at Willis's Rooms, last Saturday evening, stated that the postal telegraphic service had been as successful as could possibly be expected, and he rejoiced that a happy union had taken place between the officials of the old and the new telegraphic systems.

THE BAVARIAN LIGHT HORSE, in their passage through France, found the material for a new Sunday uniform in the green baize of every billiard-table, and wherever they met with one set their knives and scissors to work.

THE ACTION BEFORE CHAMPIGNY, on Dec. 1, resulted in the addition of five days' supply to the store of fresh meat in Paris, from 1000 to 1200 wounded and dead horses having been found in the lines carried by the Paris troops, while their own loss of horses did not exceed 300 to 400. The flesh of all these animals was to be distributed among the various butchers of the capital.

THE FIRST SECTION of the Pimlico, Peckham, and Greenwich Street-Tramway, from Blackheath-hill to New-cross, was opened for traffic on Tuesday morning. A second section of the line, from East Greenwich to Deptford (where it will join the section opened to-day) will be ready for traffic by the end of this month.

A GENTLEMAN NAMED SMALLBONES, residing at Whitechurch, near Southampton, having been assessed in a sum of 4s. 3d. as a church rate, refused to pay it on the ground that it had been illegally made. The question came before the Court of Arches, when Mr. Smallbones was ordered to pay the rate, with costs. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has now reversed this decision, and the churchwardens are to pay the costs in both courts.

THE NATIONAL REVENUE from April 1 to Dec. 2 amounted to £41,718,063, as compared with £46,204,000 in the corresponding period of last year. The expenditure has been £44,595,043, of which eighteen millions and a half represent the interest on the National Debt. The balance in the Bank of England on Saturday last was rather over £3,000,000.

FRENCH WOUNDED were brought into Versailles by the ambulances the other day who had been out in a bitter wind and frost—men who had passed a day, a night, a day again, in agony, and they were still alive; and as late as Monday, the 5th inst., a wounded Frenchman was found lying not far from Champigny on the spot where he had been struck down on the 1st.

IN ALSACE the administration of justice is again suspended. The President of the Court of Appeal at Colmar intimated to the German authorities, on the 7th, that, in consequence of directions from his Government at Tours, he and the rest of his Court must suspend proceedings. The other Alsatian judicial functionaries have followed the example. This is regarded as proof that the secret post office, which has been previously referred to, has extensive ramifications in the conquered province.

IMITATION OF THE PARISIANS has become such a ruling passion in Belgium that rats are being eaten there; not, of course, from necessity, but in order not to miss the genuine Parisian *ton*. A Tournay paper mentions the fact that a rat supper had occurred there. Two well-dressed rat-catchers ply their vocation in the slaughter-house, where the animals abound, and the finest specimens are selected for the kitchen. A second feast is coming off in a day or two; and the guests at the first were too much enchanted with the trial of the new dish not to wish to repeat the experiment. With mushrooms rat is said to be delicious.

WELSH POLITICAL EVICTIONS.—It will be remembered that, after the last general election, the manner in which some of the Conservative landlords evicted their tenants for voting in the Liberal interest created great indignation throughout the Principality, and it was determined to raise a fund for the relief of those who had suffered pecuniarily. The movement is now almost complete, about £800 having been collected in Wales, Liverpool, Manchester, and London. Of this amount £1936 was raised by private subscription, and the balance was collected in the Nonconformist chapels of Wales and the adjoining counties. Twenty shillings in the pound has been given in all cases where satisfactory proof has been adduced of eviction for political feeling. In Cardiganshire, sixty-three claimants have been compensated by a grant of £2090; in Carmarthenshire, twenty-one claimants have received £690; in Carnarvonshire, £450 has been distributed among twenty-five applicants. One claimant in Denbighshire has received £15, and two in Merionethshire £150.

THE LADIES' ART-UNION AND FEMALE ART-GALLERY.—The distribution of subscription drawings to the members of this institution, which is in connection with the Royal Albert Press, and enjoys the patronage of the Queen and the Princesses of Wales, commenced on Tuesday evening, at 42, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, where there is now going on a sale of works of ornamental and decorative art, in aid of the National Society for the Assistance of the Sick and Wounded in the War. The crimson-lake drawings which were distributed to the subscribers included some very carefully and artistically executed illustrations of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner;" and there was also displayed upon the walls copies of pictures by Greuze and Gerard Dow, as well as specimens of illumination, leather-work, original drawings, &c., all executed by members or pupils of the institution.

THE DIESTABLISHMENT OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—A conference of Nonconformists was held, on Tuesday evening, at Carr's-lane Chapel, Birmingham, to consider the question of the diestablishment of the English Church. Mr. J. Carvell Williams, secretary of the Liberation Society, was present, and the attendance was influential—Mr. J. S. Wright presided. The following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That, having regard to the present state of public opinion, as well as to the internal condition of the Church of England, this conference is of opinion that Parliament should be called upon to apply to the other Establishment of the kingdom the principle of diestablishment which it has already adopted in regard to Ireland; and it therefore highly approves of the motion to be moved by Mr. Miall, M.P., in the approaching Session."

### THE LOUNGER.

I HAVE received from the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES "Sketches (personal and political) in the House of Commons, by a Silent Member. Second Series." This reminds me that I received the first series, with an intimation that it came within my province to notice the thing if I should deem it worthy of notice. Well, upon this hint, of course, I read what the Silent Member had to say, and with this result—to wit, thankfulness that this member is a *silent* member. The subject of this artist in his first number was Mr. Edward Baxter, the Secretary to the Admiralty. There was, though, no sketch, but simply a spitting party attack upon Mr. Baxter, in which we have reproduced the thrice-refuted blundering accusations of mismanagement, with hints even of dishonesty, preferred against the Secretary last Session by those disappointed, envious ex-officials, and members hoping to be officials, Sir John Hay, Mr. Corrie, Sir Sir James Elphinstone, and other Conservative gentlemen of the same stamp. Well, this being so, I did not deem the thing worthy, but very unworthy, of notice, and so I pitched it aside to be in due time, on the first clearing-day, relegated to the waste-paper basket.

And now comes a second series. "Subjects—1. Mr. Disraeli, the Conservative party. 2. Do you wish to obtain a seat in the House?" A tempting dish this if the cook were but good. He shall have another trial, said I to myself, and straightway I read this series also, and found it in one respect an improvement. The dish, to recur to my figure, is not, as the last was, highly peppered with party spite. But here again there is no sketch. The only attempt at one is contained in an anecdote, which I will give. The Silent Member and a friend were walking one day down to the House when Silent Member observed Mr. Disraeli in front of them. Silent Member pointed out to his friend the Premier ahead, and thus sketches the Prime Minister's appearance:—"His back being towards us, I could only remark what, indeed, I had often remarked before, the shining brightness of his black curly hair; his long overcoat, of a reddish brown, reaching below the knee; his hat rather below than above the usual height; and his boots, as usual, scrupulously neat and bright." This is the only attempt at a sketch of Disraeli that the Silent Member makes, and, surely, it is very poor. But now for the anecdote. "Do you really mean to tell me," said friend to Silent Member, "that that is the Prime Minister?" "Certainly," replied Silent Member; "what should make you doubt my assertion?" "Oh, nothing, nothing; but do you hold any money in Government Stock?" "Not a farthing," replied Silent Member, regretfully; "but why do you ask the question?" "Because," replied friend, "if that is really the Prime Minister of England, I intend to go into the City to-morrow morning and sell out every shilling I hold." And, adds Silent Member, "My friend was a sincere and earnest man, and I believe he did it." An opinion this with which few people will agree. Indeed, for my part, I would bet 10 to 1 that the friend did no such thing; because I believe that there is not a man in the Queen's dominions sufficiently stupid to act so. And now I might and should dismiss this series, but for a strange and ludicrous blunder in it, which it behoves me to expose. Our Silent Member is, as he tells us, "a Conservative, a Tory of the Tories, an unbending upholder of the principles of the party." He is, however, not a satisfied, but a very dissatisfied, Tory, and mourns lugubriously over "the sorry plight" into which the party has fallen; and, further, he tries to show how it came to fall into this sorry plight. "I propose," he says, "to carry back the inquiry to the termination of the Ministry of Lord Liverpool, in 1827." "About that time," he goes on, "a new current of political thought set in. The Tories failed in discovering the signs of the times. Instead of guiding and controlling the new current, they were content to sit still and oppose and repress it;" which, by-the-way, is not sitting still; nor did the Tories in those days, as we know, sit still; but let that pass. "The Whigs seized the opportunity, caught the popular tone," &c. And now for the blunder. "One of the first statesmen," our Silent Member proceeds to say, "to adopt the new order of political thought, and who has consistently maintained it ever since, was Earl Russell." His Lordship would be surprised to learn that, in 1827, he adopted a new order of political thought; but let this also pass. The following, however, is astonishing:—"Earl Russell," we are told, "sums up the dogmas of the new Whigs about this time (1827) very briefly in his published speeches and despatches—first, not to interfere in the internal government of other countries; second, to make peace with our American colonies by acknowledging their independence"—that is, subsequent to 1827, the independence of the American colonies having been recognised very nearly half a century before! There are also two other Whig dogmas given, but these I need not notice. You must fancy, Mr. Editor, my bewilderment and perplexity when I read this. At first, I of course thought that I must in my cursory perusal have missed something which would explain the confusion, and so I read the passage again. But no; there was no mistake. There the thing stood. In 1827 one of the dogmas of the new Whigs was to acknowledge the independence of the American colonies. Fortunately, I possess a copy of Earl Russell's work, and to that I at once turned; and I soon discovered that the creed was the creed of the Whigs, not in 1827, but of the new Whigs in somewhere about 1775. Earl Russell thus prefaces this creed:—"The American war and the debating power of Mr. Fox led to a renewal of party distinctions, and the new Whigs engaged in the pursuit of objects which the old Whigs never dreamt of. These objects may be thus shortly defined." And then come the "dogmas." In the next page our silent member again alludes to "the creed;" and there he calls it "Earl Russell's creed," and says that from the time it was adopted (1827) by Whig statesmen the reign of Toryism was doomed, the fact being that this creed was adopted by Whig statesmen nearly twenty years before Earl Russell was born. And now no more about our Silent Member and his Sketches. Not a very observing silent member this, I think; and was I not right in advising him to continue a silent member?

Lord Hotham is dead. He died at York, on Tuesday last, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. From 1820 to 1868 he was a member of Parliament, and had been so minded, might have sat on till the day of his death; but in 1868 he decided not to seek re-election. He was then seventy-four years old, and apparently in perfect health; but when he was asked why, being in health, he should retire, he replied, "Because I wish to keep so." Lord Hotham was a Conservative, and consistently, but not slavishly, supported his party; but he was never factious. In short, in manners, in character, and in courtesy, Lord Hotham was always the perfect gentleman. Formerly, his Lordship used to attract observation by the singularity of his dress. His clothes were made after the fashion of fifty years ago. Blue, brass-buttoned coat, very short in the waist, with sharply-pointed tails; buff waistcoat, drab trousers, puckered at the waistband, with short gaiters to match. It never seemed to me that this dress was adopted because it was out of date and singular, but simply because his Lordship disliked change. That was the style of dress which was in fashion when his Lordship arrived at manhood, and he had never changed it. But when the papers came to notice the peculiarity of his costume, his Lordship cast aside the tail-coat and took to a loose frock, which I, for one, was sorry to see. Indeed, when I first saw Lord Hotham thus modernised, I was shocked, as archaeologists are when they discover that some old memorial-stone or ancient house has been swept away. Lord Hotham's family is one of the most ancient in Yorkshire. It, indeed, took the name of Hotham from the castle and manor of Hotham, granted by William the Conqueror to Sir John Trehouse, one of his followers, for services performed at the Battle of Hastings. The family is also historic. There was a Sir John Hotham, Governor of Hull, in the reign of Charles I. He held the town and castle for the Parliament; but he and his son treasonably corresponded with the Royalists, and had to be tried by court-martial and decapitated.



on Tower-hill. Then, in the last century, there was a famous Admiral, Sir William Hotham, who, by a victory over the French, won the Irish peerage which Lord Hotham, just deceased, inherited. His Lordship was a soldier. He entered the Coldstream Guards in 1810, when he was only sixteen. In 1812 he received his baptism of fire at Salamanca, and was wounded there; and he fought at Waterloo, when he had just entered his twenty-second year.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER. THE MAGAZINES, ETC.

Can Poetry and Pamphlet dwell in the same house? Can the reproductive *passio* of the lyre, and the present, active *passio* of the spectator of history-making, be brought to kiss each other? Mr. Robert Buchanan evidently thinks these questions should be answered in the affirmative. The Germans have produced a drama about "The Prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe" (is not that, indeed, the title?), and so has our own poet of "Undertones," "Inverburn," "Meg Blane," and the "Book of Orm." We may presume that in the German play there is direct action, such as you might see at the Victoria in a play founded on current events. But Mr. Buchanan's piece is a lyrical drama, and there is no action proper. Of the design I have my own opinion—I mean, not of this particular design, but of the principle involved. There is also something to say upon the question of the possibility of making a central figure of a man like Napoleon III.—under the circumstances; except, indeed, in some drama within a drama, which would allow scope for irony. But these are topics on which every man must hold his own view. Mr. Buchanan among them; and I should never attempt to deal with them in the space which a newspaper can afford. "Napoleon Fallen" contains some splendid writing, worthy of Mr. Buchanan. On all rhythmic matters he exhibits a singular sensibility. It is difficult to extract from the more weighty passages; but the following lines from the opening scene will give some idea of Mr. Buchanan's scheme:—

Scene—THE CHATEAU OF WILHELMSHÖHE, IN CASSEL.

German Citizens walking in the Gardens without.

FIRST CITIZEN.

How fine it is to lounge in talk  
Together, down this long green walk:  
While russet trees to left and right,  
Snarling the rosy shafts of light,  
Shade them to silver, till they glow  
There on the roof of the chateau  
Gleaming bright ruby!

SECOND CITIZEN.

The place is private. Not too near—

FIRST CITIZEN.

Didst thou hear  
The news? Another glorious blow  
For Fatherland!

SECOND CITIZEN.

To-night at five  
I saw the courier arrive,  
Bringing the news to him who waits  
Yonder. Oh, he may thank the fates  
He sits so snug, the man of sin!  
How cunningly before the end,  
The Snake contrived to save his skin!

FIRST CITIZEN.

Thou art too hard upon him, Friend.  
He saw that all his cards were played,  
And so, to save more bloodshed, strayed  
Into the cage.

SECOND CITIZEN.

A cage, indeed!  
Where from a gold plate he may feed  
Of all earth's dainties, while afar  
France, 'neath the tramping feet of War,  
Bleeds like a winepress. There he lolls,  
Butcher of bodies and of souls,  
Smiling, and sees the storm blow by!

FIRST CITIZEN.

What could he do?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Could he not die?  
FIRST CITIZEN.  
Die? Sentiment! If I were he  
I'd bless the stars which set me free  
From that foul-hearted one's embrace,  
France, with her fickle painted face,  
Better in Germany to dine,  
Smoke one's cigar, and sip one's wine;  
And in good time, like most, no doubt,  
Who have worn their wicked members out,  
Repent, and be absolved, and then  
Die in one's bed, like smaller men!

Then we have Napoleon, receiving news of Paris and Rome, and sage counsel from a Bishop (the drift of which can be guessed). He dips into Strauss. He sleeps. Ghosts haunt him, and his mother pleads with them. The last lyric is a hymn of the City of Man, to rise in the future. The best part of the poem is that which has no necessary reference to Napoleon. No doubt it will be eagerly read by the general public, and critics will be anxious to judge of the success of a very difficult enterprise. In my opinion, it was and is impossible that such an enterprise should succeed. But that is neither here nor there, and "success" is a word of elastic meaning. This is a mere splinter of Mr. Buchanan's fertile brain, but a brilliant one.

Talking of Napoleon and the war, the oddest of all the telegrams is one that I saw the other day from Prince Charles:—"We have 1700 prisoners, who are hourly increasing in number." The exact birth-rate is, however, omitted.

In the *Cornhill* there is a most amusing paper on "Trial by Battle," and another on "Old Norman Songs," in which I have the pleasure to testify that the translations are well done. "The Recollections of a Reader" are evidently by the "Optimist"—so that my first guess, founded on a local reference, was wrong. But whether a store of poetry and prose held in the memory is a useful thing in times of loneliness and discomfort of any kind, especially in "the dead of night," is a matter on which opinions may differ. Myself the most woefully wakeful of men, I find my "store" a great nuisance. Things go ringing about in your brain, stimulate thought, and when, after a struggle, you have gone off to sleep again, a sub-current of memory and speculation goes on which makes the night most unrefreshing. At least, that is my very decided experience.

In *London Society* (the magazine) there is one illustration, "The Year 1870," good enough to call for special notice. The little likenesses of Lowe, Odger, Huxley, Swinburne, and Vernon Harcourt ("blessing" the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne) are most excellent. Mr. Harcourt's likeness is the best I have seen of him, and I know his face thoroughly. Mr. Sidney Laman Blanchard writes a felicitous paper on "The Foreign Settlement in Soho."

In the *Sunday Magazine* there is a paper on "The Irony of Christ." The foot-note about Defoe's famous bit of Dissenting irony ends in a way which, if language means anything, implies that Defoe was pilloried because he was taken at the foot of the latter. I need not say that that was a long way from being the fact. The topic of the paper is a welcome one, but not new. There was an essay in the *Spectator* once, I think with the same title; at all events, the subject was boldly taken up in it. Was that Mr. Plumtre's? Again, it was touched upon in "Shoemaker's Village," in the old *Argosy*—and in a very decided manner, too. Professor Plumtre does service in calling attention to the fact that there is nothing in humour which is alien to the very loftiest theme or teaching, and some of his instances from the New Testament are well chosen; not all, I think. It is obvious that in dealing with so delicate a thing as irony everything depends upon our being certified of the absolutely flawless accuracy of the record, such an accuracy as very few cultivated men, however orthodox, now claim for any of the

writings here in question. The engraving on page 152 is exceedingly good. Perhaps, in referring to the last number of this periodical, I ought to have been more explicit to the "Dispenser of Charity." Well, the working man, who so powerfully states his own case, does clearly not make any "admission" upon which the visitor could ground the appeal he ends with. He has not said he "believes in," &c.; he has simply admitted an historical proposition and a critical proposition, which carry no practical consequences whatever. Look here:—"Such and such a captain was brave, and urged bravery as a duty, and if all men followed his counsels, all men would be brave." That is an exact parallel of the working-man's admissions. But it proves nothing whatever. The question put by his doubts still remains unanswered—namely, to continue the parody, "Why should any given unit be brave? Nothing comes of it—of that or of any other effort." There is another point, which concerns all visitors to the poor. When you go and take a loaf to a half-starved man, can it really be that you are doing a service such as Heaven thanks you for, if you lay any stress upon admissions made under the pressure of such circumstances? People in want of help are very apt to "admit" things—till they have got the help. For their own sakes, for our own, and for that of the Truth, had we not better take care not even to accept, much less to ask for, "admissions" that could be called half-extorted? I was once a Sunday district visitor, but keep it up I could not, for I constantly found that the mere poverty of the people visited falsified the situation. This does not mean that the poor are not to be visited; but it does mean a great deal as to the *how*. In particular, let me suggest that a "Dispenser of Charity," talking to a very sore-hearted poor man, should not call him "my good fellow." "The City Man" is excellent, as usual; and so, as usual too, is Sarah Tytler.

#### THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER

Now that Christmas is at hand, theatrical lounging is scarcely the fashion. Novelties are never looked for at this time of the year. However, a new blank-verse five-act tragedy, though it appears out of season, is not to be passed over in silence. I was at the STANDARD last Saturday evening, and assisted at the first representation of "The Wife's Tragedy," by Mrs. Edward Thomas. I think the critics, as a rule, have been rather hard upon Mrs. Thomas. It is not a lively play. It is altogether an old-fashioned affair; but there is quite enough stuff in it to allow of the presentation to the authoress of a fair amount of congratulation. It is not preposterously bad. There are traces in the tragedy of thought and culture of mind; and I must say that I was agreeably disappointed. I was not struck "all of a heap"; but really, when a five-act tragedy, produced at the east end of London, is acted with taste and intelligence—when the text does not provoke laughter, and when a large audience is tamed into rapt attention, I think some little encouragement might be given to the bold lady who does her best to wake the people from an easy dream of frivolity or vulgarity. At any rate, Mrs. Thomas is a skilled craftsman. She does not blunder with her verse. She understands rhythm; and, according to my notion, she understands more about poetry than many of the acknowledged blank-verse dramatists of the period. Miss Herand, who undertook the heroine, is clearly a clever lady. She has been brought up in a school which I detest; but she has power, and a devotion to her art which is most praiseworthy. This lady is the daughter of a well-known literary gentleman, who has taught her to love poetry and to speak blank verse—a lesson which is unknown to half the actresses on the stage. But I can find little fault with any of the Standard ladies. Miss Amy Steinberg and Miss Saunders were so careful and attentive that I had hoped their claims to attention would have been more widely recognised. I cannot say much for the gentlemen. They murdered the verse and played in the conventional East-End style. Great preparations are being made for the Standard pantomime, which promises to eclipse in beauty the Standard pantomime of 1869—the best of that year.

Mlle. Déjazet is taking her farewell. She has appeared this week at the OPERA COMIQUE in the best play of her series. All the Déjazet plays have a certain family likeness, but the "Vicente de Létorières" is the most amusing and the best. Again, Mlle. Déjazet is the runaway boy, who takes his tutor with him to see the world. Again, we have love-making and chivalry and tipsiness. But we have them in a more agreeable form. The tipsy scene in the "Vicente de Létorières" will not easily be forgotten. Mr. Legrenay and Madame Pauline Lyon also distinguished themselves. This little play, added to the charming "La Joie Fait Peur," made a welcome programme, and it grieved me to see the theatre so empty, and the announcement that it would close before Christmas. When the French company makes its bow an English company is announced. We are to have another version of "Our Mutual Friend," with Mr. G. F. Rowe as Silas Wegg. Mr. Emery, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Warner, and Miss Harris have also been engaged. This will be followed by a new burlesque by Mr. Akhurst, a provincial author of considerable reputation.

At Christmas the Strand promises a new burlesque on Richard Cœur de Lion, by Mr. Strachan, a new author; and the Princess's "Gil Blas," for which Mrs. Howard Paul has been expressly engaged. The Adelphi gives us a new burlesque, called "The Mistletoe Bough," by Mr. Farnie and Mr. Musgrave, who have entered into a dramatic partnership. Besides these novelties, we shall have the usual great pantomimes at Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

But the dramatic events to which we should look forward are Mr. Robertson's comedy, called "War," at the St. James, and the opening of the Court Theatre with Mr. Gilbert's new comedy. Both these events are fixed for early dates in January. Let me congratulate Mr. Chatterton on his determination to exclude advertising scenes from his harlequinade at Drury Lane. The book is the proper place in which to advertise, and Mr. Chatterton is determined to carry out this rule.

Mr. German Reed, having renewed his term at the Gallery of Illustration, will commence another season on Monday evening, Dec. 19. His new entertainment by W. S. Gilbert is not yet ready; in the mean time he reproduces, only for a few nights, the favourite and successful operetta, "Ages Ago," which will be given for the 216th time. Mr. Corney Grain, however, inaugurates the campaign with a new musical sketch, and the entertainment will conclude with "The Rival Composers." Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Mr. Corney Grain, and Mr. Arthur Cecil will sustain their original characters in "Ages Ago."

#### 1ST SURREY RIFLES DRAMATIC CLUB.

It has been my pleasing duty on more than one occasion to speak approvingly of the dramatic doings of the 1st Surrey Rifles. I am happy in being able to do so again. Amateurs very rarely give one an opportunity of praising them; but the 1st Surrey Club is one of the few exceptions. The performance given last Tuesday, at the headquarters of the regiment, was as satisfactory as any which have preceded it. Felix Dale's merry little comedietta, "Six Months Ago," and Mr. H. T. Craven's serio-comic drama, "Milky White," were the pieces represented. Ensign Fourdrinier appeared as Edward Bliss, the unhappy recipient of too much love; and Mrs. Garton as the doting but jealous Angelina. When Angelina lost her temper, Mrs. Garton quite surprised me—it was done so naturally. Lance-Corporal Macklin was Jack Deedes. In Mr. Craven's drama Daniel White was represented by Ensign Fourdrinier. The personation of the cantankerous milkman cannot be regarded as one of Ensign Fourdrinier's happiest efforts. Although far from a bad piece of acting, it was not exactly what it might have been. I don't suppose there is anyone who could play the part like the author. Mr. Craven used to look deaf. Annie White was sustained by Mrs. Garton. Annie's grief was too transparent. Mrs. Garton has not yet learned the trick of sobbing. The garrulous Mrs. Saddrip had an efficient exponent in Miss Harvey, a lady who frequently assists at amateur performances. Private Macrone as

Dick Duggs and Lance-Corporal Macklin as Archibald Good completed the cast. The entertainment passed off without a "hitch," and the result was as pleasing to the audience as it was creditable to the performers.

#### "THE OXFORD DRAMATIC CLUB."

Mr. Henry Mitchell, of 6, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, writes, "in behalf of the members of the O.D.C.," to say that the performance noticed by me last week, under the above title, was not given by his club, was "entirely without the knowledge" of the members thereof, "those who gave it being perfect strangers to every member of the club, and had no right to make use of the title." I know nothing of all this; I described the club as I found it described in the programme sent to me. Are there "two Richmonds in the field" here—two "Oxford Dramatic Clubs"—who dispute the right to the title? I suppose so; as Mr. Mitchell adds, "I need hardly say legal means are being taken to prevent them using the title again." A very pretty quarrel this, I dare say; but, as it is no affair of mine, I can take no further notice of the matter.

#### LORD DERBY ON ARMY ORGANISATION.

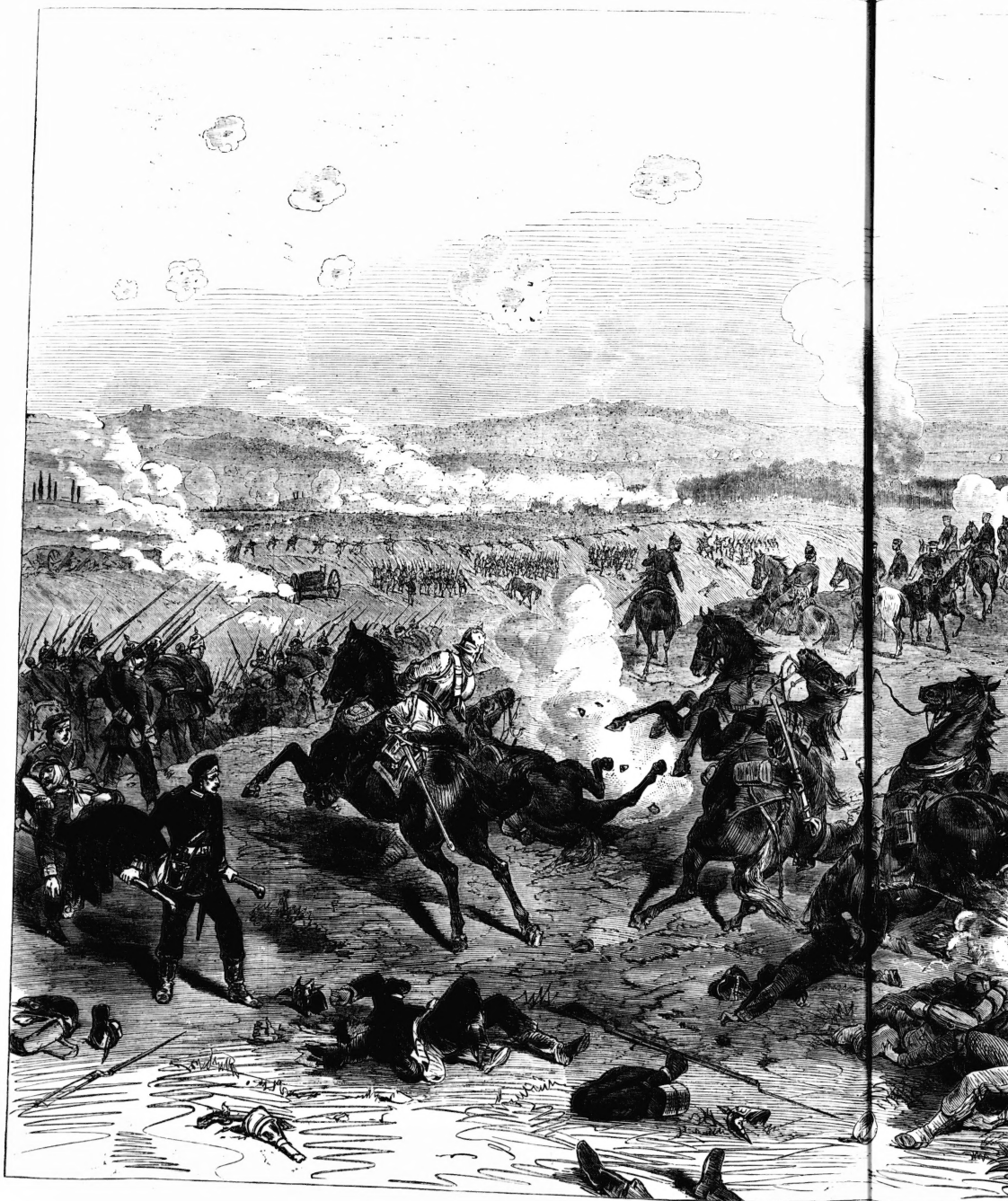
THE Earl of Derby distributed the annual regimental shooting prizes to the member of the 1st Lancashire Rifle Volunteers in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on Wednesday evening. In the course of his address on the occasion, Lord Derby said:—

I am not insensible—no man can be insensible, especially in times like these—to the defects that must attend any force organised upon a purely voluntary principle. Those who do a thing only occasionally, and by the way, will never do it quite as well, assuming equality in other respects, as those whose sole and constant occupation it is. Something might be said—and when Parliament meets I think you will hear a good deal said—as to expediency, when men have once freely entered volunteer corps, of binding them more strictly during some short and defined term to the duties of attendance and drill. But whatever may be done in that respect, when the general overhauling of all our military arrangements takes place, I trust, and I believe, that the very greatest care will be exercised to leave unimpaired that which is the essence of our volunteer system—I mean the free, spontaneous, and practically gratuitous character of the service given. If other reserve forces are wanted—I do not enter into the question here—let the deficiency be supplied. But this, at least, is clear, that by the present system the country gets, at trifling direct cost, and, what is quite as important, with very little disturbance of ordinary business, a vast additional defensive force which it could not command so cheaply in any other way. I am quite aware that there are many people who, having been struck with admiration—and no wonder that they should be—at the marvellous power, whether for aggression or defence, which the Prussian organisation gives, wish to see some modification of it introduced into England. Now, to such persons I would say, take hints from your neighbours, by all means, but do not servilely copy their institutions without first considering whether your position is like theirs. Now, we are in a totally different position, as has been said many hundreds of times, from that of any Continental State. We have no frontiers. No enemy can pour half a million of men into this country. The utmost strength which we can be called upon to repel is only that which can be carried across the Channel by a hostile fleet, assuming such a fleet to have escaped our own Navy, or that a temporary disaster had occurred. That is what we have to provide against; and when people talk of drilling and disciplining by degrees, year after year, the entire able-bodied male population of the country—that is, some four or five millions, at least—in order to repel a possible attack of, at the most, say, 100,000, they must either have a wonderfully low opinion of the fighting powers of Englishmen, or else they must be thinking of something beyond mere defence—that is to say, of a policy which I won't here characterise or argue against, but which I believe to be neither suited to the ideas of our time nor consistent with the real interests of the country. Mind, I do not quarrel with those who contend that the State has a right, if it thinks fit, to call on every able-bodied man for personal service. Rights are more easily talked about than defined. But an appeal of that kind has always been made, and always will be made, when the exigencies of national defence require it. Extraordinary occasions require—and because they require, justify—extraordinary measures; but when in ordinary times you come to apply the principle of compulsory service, you are met with this difficulty:—If you apply it universally and endeavour to train everybody, you are making ten times the amount of preparation that you can possibly require. If you are merely to pick and choose or take men by lot, you cannot by any arrangement I ever heard of prevent great practical inequality and injustice in the application of the law. Admit substitutes and the hardship falls exclusively on the poor; insist on personal service, then the loss of time, which to the young man of fortune is nothing, and which to the lowest class of labourer is unimportant, because the pay while serving is as good as he would get elsewhere, becomes a very heavy tax on the skilled industry of the artisan, or the professional man, or those who have business habits to acquire. There is something also to be said, in a country where the sentiment of individual freedom and conscience is as highly developed as here, against the justice of compelling men to take to the arms against their will in wars not merely defensive, and which they may themselves in their conscience believe to be unjust. But I don't dwell on that. I simply assert my belief that, in the long run, it will be even cheaper, to say nothing of any other consideration, to pay the fair market value of the military labour you want, rather than to take it by force. However, I don't wish to dogmatise on these matters. I have given my opinion for what it may be worth; if wrong, I am open to conviction. Of one thing only I am sure, a nation was made to be something else than a camp, and that a system under which wars shall be carried on—not as in modern days and till now, by comparatively limited armies, but by the whole mass of the people—is not an advance in civilisation, but an essentially retrograde step. It may be change, it certainly is not progress, if that much-abused word has any meaning at all. I ought, perhaps, to apologise for trespassing on what is more or less controversial matter. My excuse must be that everybody's head is full of these matters, and no wonder, after what we have seen for the last six months. Whatever be the changes of detail which may be introduced into the volunteer service with a view to make that service more effective, those changes I am sure you will cheerfully accept, knowing as you do that it is not enough, although it may be much, to give time and trouble to public duty. If we want to serve the State efficiently, we must often do it at the sacrifice of our own favourite ideas, and the true test of public spirit is to be ready to help on good useful work even when that work is not carried on exactly after the fashion we should ourselves prefer.

THE CITY OF LONDON AND THE WAR.—A deputation waited upon the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, on Tuesday, to present his Lordship with a requisition, signed by about 1000 merchants and traders of the city of London, of all parties, requesting him to convene a public meeting of the citizens of London, in the Guildhall, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with France, and to consider the best means of ensuring an honourable peace. About fifty gentlemen were present. Mr. Merriman, solicitor, introduced the deputation. The Lord Mayor said no one was more favourable to free discussion than himself; but as Chief Magistrate of the city of London he had to use a discretion in calling public meetings. He fully sympathised with the present position of France, and would yield to no member of the deputation in his desire to see an honourable peace, and an end put to the terrible war now raging in France, but he must say that as he understood the object of the proposed meeting from the expressions used by Mr. Merriman, he thought the holding of such a meeting would be most mischievous. He had, therefore, most reluctantly decided that it was his duty to decline complying with the request of the requisitionists. He did so with the utmost respect for the requisitionists, but amongst whom he was bound to say that he observed the absence of the bankers and leading merchants of the City. After some further discussion, it was arranged that the deputation should see his Lordship again on Monday next.

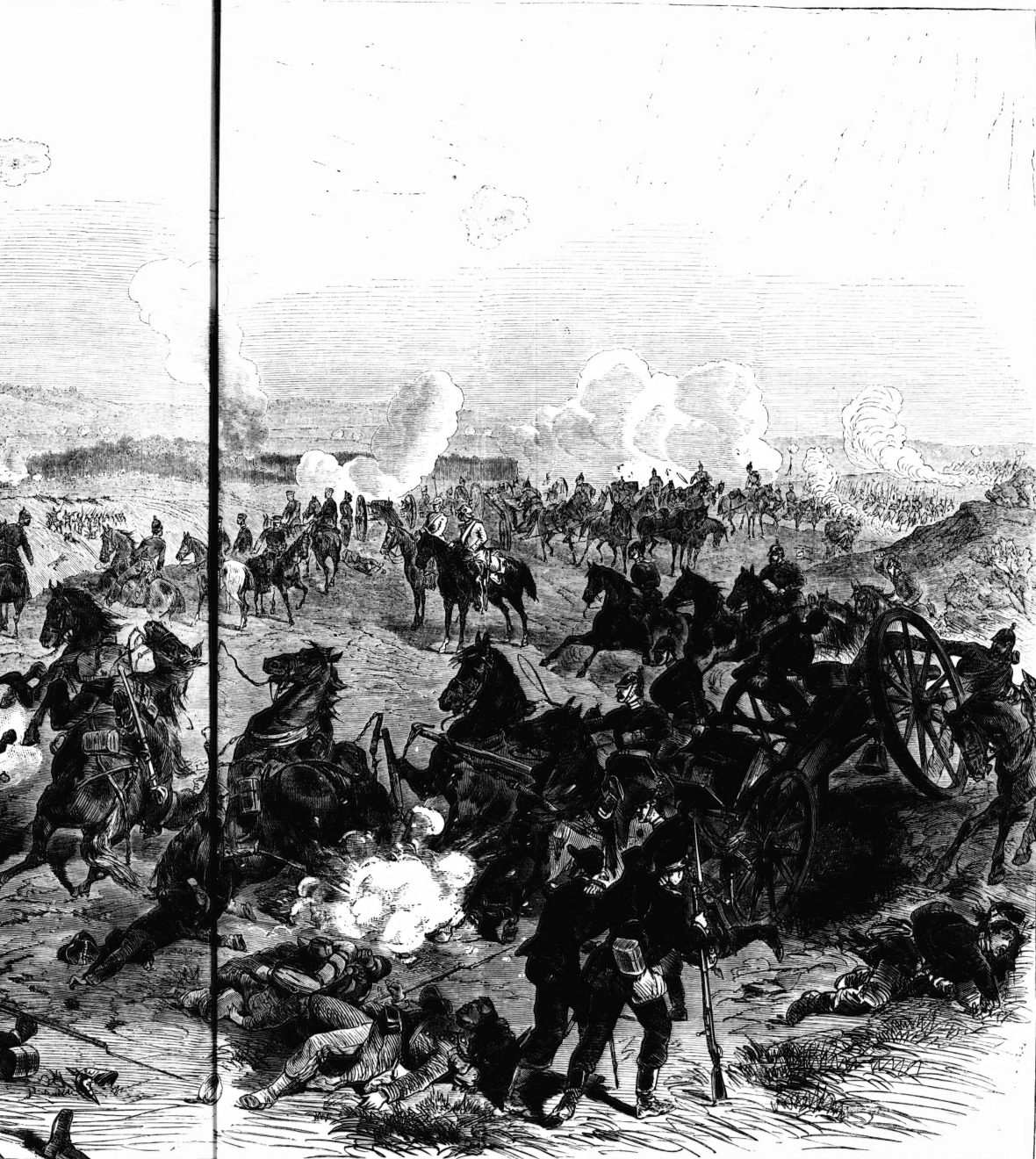
THE LUXEMBURG GUARANTEE.—In proclaiming that it holds itself no longer bound by the treaty of May, 1867, which declares the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg to be, for all perpetuity, a neutral State, and places that neutrality under the collective guarantee of the great Powers, the Prussian Government repudiates a stipulation less than four years old, and inserted in the treaty at its express instance. In the draught treaty prepared by Lord Stanley, and submitted by him to the Conference, there was no word about a guarantee of any sort, beyond a reference to the Treaties of 1839. Count Bismarck did not deem this sufficient. Lord Loftus, after an interview, in which he had discussed the question with the Count, wrote to Lord Stanley, "no arrangement will be acceptable to Prussia which will not provide for the neutralisation of the Grand Duchy under a European guarantee," and at the first meeting of the Conference Count Bernstorff declared he had no other objection to make to Lord Stanley's draught than the omission of the European guarantee for the neutralisation of the Grand Duchy, and he went on to observe that, although the Treaty of 1839 put Luxembourg under the guarantee of the Powers, it did not guarantee its neutrality. The difference between this guarantee and that granted to Belgium was, he continued, very important; and he expressed the hope that the Powers would give the neutrality of Luxembourg the same guarantee as that of Belgium enjoyed. Eventually the Prussian Ambassador proposed the insertion in the treaty of the exact words which now place this neutrality of Luxembourg under the collective guarantee of all the signatories of the treaty except Belgium. Lord Stanley reluctantly accepted them in deference to the instances of the Prussian Minister, whose views were strongly supported by the Russian and Austrian Plenipotentiaries.—Standard.





BATTLES ON THE LOIRE: ADVANCE OF THE GERMAN





TLES ON THE LOIRE: ADVANCE OF THE GERMANS ON ORLEANS.



## BATTLES ON THE LOIRE.

The fighting on the Loire which resulted in the re-occupation of Orleans by the Germans is thus described by the correspondent of the *Times* with the German army, in letters of the 3rd and 4th inst.:

## AT ARTENAY.

"Suddenly we emerged from a nest of farms and wood upon a wide undulating expanse of plain, and the leading columns halted until the whole of the 22nd and 17th Divisions debouched upon it and formed in columns. In a few moments 30,000 men were marching towards the low crest of the rising ground before us, and, with the bright sun shining on bayonet and helmet, made a most imposing and gallant array. But, if this sight was full of picturesque and military interest, it was not comparable to that which met our gaze as we surmounted the ridge. Gently sloping from us lay a vast plain, through the centre of which passed the main road to Orleans; in the midst of this plain, on the left, lay the town of Artenay, and along the line of the road leading from that town were the batteries of Prince Albrecht's cavalry division, which were returning the fire of the enemy's batteries, posted in a long line parallel to the road, and partially concealed by the forests, which, commencing here, extended upon the left of the grand route the whole way to Orleans. The space which intervened between the crest of the hill upon which we stood and the most advanced German batteries was dotted over with bodies of cavalry standing motionless. The whole scene, so different from the hot mêlée of the day before, seemed like some dramatic effect got up expressly for our benefit; and as the troops which we had accompanied marched down the slope and formed in rear and to the right of the cavalry, and more artillery went to the front and continued the long line of fire to the left, it looked more like a review than a battle. Nor at this moment, so far as I could judge, was much damage being done on either side; they were playing at very long bowls, and not one of the French shot reached the battery at which it was aimed during the whole time I was watching it. The distance between the two armies could not have been less than 4000 yards, but the day was so clear that we could easily perceive the dense masses of the French as they retreated slowly in the direction of Orleans. The object of our march across the fields was now evident. At nine o'clock the 9th Division of Prince Frederick Charles's army, with which we are in communication, had advanced from Châtillon and Montigny, villages a little to the south of Pithiviers, upon Artenay, forcing back the French from Achères-la-Marche and La Brosse, and finally taking possession of Artenay, which the French evacuated without resistance. The corps d'armée under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, forming the right wing, reaching the high road considerably to the south of Artenay, took the retreating French army in flank, while the Bavarians, marching still more to the south, came upon the scene at a later period of the day, as we shall presently see. At half past one the Mecklenburg artillery opened fire still further to the right, and the shells from the German batteries set fire to the village of Bucy-le-Roi, which was on the right of the French position. All this time the firing was entirely monopolised by the artillery, and it seemed as if, for some reason, the combatants on both sides were determined to keep at a respectable distance from each other, but an hour later told a different tale. Pushing steadily forward parallel with the French retreat, our leading columns were received about three o'clock by a hot chassepot fire from the village of Dourcy, and from that time until dark the French on both sides of the main road offered a vigorous resistance to our further advance. At four o'clock the Bavarians, who first came into the presence of the enemy at the village of Songy, opened a fire, which was returned by the French riflemen. At the same moment that the French thus found themselves attacked on the extreme left, Prince Frederick Charles was bringing down another division on the opposite flank, and as it opened fire the scene was one of unusual grandeur and interest. The whole German army was now in view from the rising ground near the farm of Beaugency, where the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg had established his headquarters, and was pushing steadily forward in the form of a crescent, the right horn being at Songy, and the left at Bucy-le-Roi, while the middle, or most projecting part, was in the act of storming Chevilly, the last post station on this side of Orleans, which was being stoutly defended by the French and warmly bombarded by their opponents. A continuous line of artillery fire, extending over at least five miles, possibly more, marked distinctly the German position. The French was not so clearly defined, but the bright flashes of their artillery and the incessant and harmless explosion of their shells in the air gave testimony to their desire to reply as warmly as they could to the more precise and destructive fire of their opponents.

## OUTSIDE ORLEANS.

"In consequence of the report received early on the morning of the 4th, from an officer of high standing, that the enemy had evacuated Orleans during the night, and would be found to-day in full retreat upon the other bank of the Loire, I made straight for the high road from the farm of Beaugency, and reached it at the small town of Chevilly, the occupation of which by the Germans had closed the operations of the previous day. All along the route, as far as the eye could reach, marched the army of Prince Frederick Charles, and we met the new Field Marshal himself as we entered the village. Proceeding in all innocence along the high road to Orleans, and little dreaming of further opposition, our progress was suddenly arrested by the progress of a shell not many yards before our horses' heads, and a battery of artillery dashing to the front soon gave notice, in a sufficiently loud tone, that the business of the day had begun, and that the idea of the French abandoning the defence of Orleans without further resistance was altogether premature. Proceeding to the ridge upon which the battery was posted, the French position was plainly visible. Straight before us the Imperial *chaussée*, lined with the inevitable rows of poplars, led into the village of Sercoettes. At the entrance to this village it was barricaded, and upon a rising ground to the left the French had placed the battery which had opened fire upon the advancing foe. To the left of this high road, and parallel to it, runs the railway, skirting a wood. On the right of the road there was a copse, then an open space, then another copse, and then the first houses of the village. In both these woods the enemy had posted sharpshooters, and the fire of the battery from the village was the signal for a pretty warm cross rifle fire from both woods. The sound of chassepot bullets and the bursting of shells at this time warned amateurs that the period of rash exploration was brought to a close; and the whole column was halted, and skirmishers thrown into the woods right and left, who, to judge from the rapid musketry fire which followed, soon found themselves in tolerably close quarters with the enemy. The army corps with which I now found myself was the 9th, commanded by General von Mannstein, including the Hessian division under Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, and a division of Schleswig-Holsteiners. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg was approaching Orleans by another route, so as to take the retreating French on the left flank, while the 3rd Army Corps, under Prince Frederick Charles, was making a corresponding movement on their right flank. We therefore found ourselves in the centre, and at ten o'clock were in pretty close quarters with the enemy. Steadily did the German riflemen advance through the woods, pushing their enemy before them, and leaving behind them a melancholy track of killed and wounded, and it was not until past eleven that the village was carried by troops sent along the line of the railway. As the French retreated at a run, but by no means in a panic, I could see the shot pelting into their ranks; and the numerous dead which lay on the ground as I passed over it not long afterwards told of the terrible havoc which the German artillery had made in the course of a few moments. As the incessant rattle in the woods somewhat subsided, I advanced to the edge of the first copse on the main road, and then, through the opening between the two woods, I could see the French in position at a mill on

rising ground, from which a battery soon replied with terrible effect to a German battery which had opened upon it. Not many minutes elapsed, however, before the French position was stormed by the Germans, who, following up their advantage, turned the left flank, and soon drove the French from the mill both to the right and left of the main road. In a couple of hours the village of Sercoettes was won, and we were passing through its silent and battered street. Entering the cottage of a French peasant to find a little warmth—for a bitterly cold north wind was blowing, and the day was clear and frosty—I was astonished by his meeting my request for a place near his fire by a demand that I should blow out his brains with my revolver. The French army, two days ago, he said, had taken all the wire of his vine trellises to make a telegraph with, and now the Prussians had come and taken what remained of his property, and life was not worth having. He hated the French and he hated the Prussians; and, above all, he hated that *coquin* of an Emperor who had brought all this misery upon him. And with that he burst into a violent fit of tears, and implored to be put to death. This state of hysterical desperation is not uncommon among the French peasantry, and is a painful illustration of the terrible effects of war upon those who are most completely innocent of any complicity in it or desire for it. The lull of more than an hour which succeeded the capture of Sercoettes fostered the hope that the French had made their last stand, and that we should have no more trouble before entering Orleans. Vain hope. We had not proceeded a mile out of the village when an ominous halt occurred, and again the arrival of unexpected shell produced a momentary disturbance along the line. In the mean time, the infantry which had taken Sercoettes, and which covered the plain to the right of the road (while the woods to the left were filled with skirmishers), steadily advanced to the brow of a hill from which the first French fire came, and which was speedily evacuated under a hot artillery fire, which saved the Germans the trouble of storming it. We had a glorious view of them as they advanced up the gentle slope, while still further to the right were cavalry, and beyond them more artillery and infantry, making a long détour, so as to turn the French position. In the extreme distance, and just disappearing over the crest of the hill, was apparently the whole French army, to judge from the masses of men which, like a wave, rolled over it and vanished, leaving behind them as they did so a line of white smoke. The village which crowns the last height before entering Orleans, and is six kilometres from it, is called Montjoie. It was two o'clock before it was taken, but the day's work was by no means over. The French had again merely retired to a new position, and the roar of the mitrailleuses seemed this time to impart a more formidable tone to the resistance, though, probably, they did not practically add very much to the French powers of defence. We have now left the flat plains of the Beauce and got into a land of hillsides and vineyards, which are more easily defensible, and very difficult for cavalry to operate in. From this point we could see the roofs of the houses of Orleans, hear the firing, and see the shells bursting in the air; but it was impossible any more to wander from the roadside in search of good points of view, for almost in every direction it was intercepted by hills and vineyards, and we were compelled to content ourselves with waiting until a movement of the column indicated that our onward progress was once more safe. The distant rattle of small-arms and the occasional roar of cannon by no means ended with the close of the day, though the nature of the country was such as we advanced that it was impossible to see anything without coming under a hotter fire than a correspondent is justified in doing, even had there been daylight. So I contented myself with following the pace and the fortunes of the column, which seemed principally engaged in futile endeavours to keep itself warm. At last the welcome signal was given, and we moved slowly on under a bright moon, and found ourselves at about seven o'clock entering the outermost suburb of Orleans."

**GENERAL FAIDHERBE.**—Louis Léon César Faidherbe, now Commander in Chief of the French Army of the North, was born at Lille, on June 3, 1818. He was educated at the college in that place, entered the Polytechnic School in 1838, then went on to the military school at Metz, which he left in 1842 with a Lieutenant's commission in the 1st Regiment of Engineers. He served first in Algeria, where he remained throughout 1844 and 1845. Having obtained the rank of Captain, he sailed in 1848 for Guadeloupe, where he acquired much colonial experience and became inured to life in the tropics. Having failed in obtaining an appointment at Senegal, he returned to Algeria in 1850, where he constructed the outlying fort of Bou-Saada; took part in the campaign of Kabylia, under General Saint-Arnaud, and also in the expedition of General Bosquet to the Algerian highlands. The services he performed at the time of the disaster which then occurred were rewarded by the cross of the Legion of Honour. At the end of that year—1852—he was, at his reiterated request, sent to Senegal. Here he gave proofs of remarkable administrative ability; and, after two years' residence, showed such knowledge of the needs, the dangers, the economy, and the practical policy of the colony that, in 1854, he was made Governor of the French possessions in Senegal. M. Faidherbe now devoted himself to the fulfilment of the task he had so long wished to take in hand—the thorough renovation of the colony. He carried on a successful warfare with the Moors of Farza, but his principal warlike achievement was the struggle he carried on for some time and over a great extent of territory with the prophet El-Hadj Omar, who had conceived the idea of founding a vast Mussulman empire in Central Africa, and driving out all foreign intruders. He compelled this apostle of Islam to submit in 1860, and left Senegal to command the subdivision of Sidi-bel-Abbès, having been made Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers in 1855, and Colonel in 1858. But his absence was soon felt in the colony, his policy was not maintained, his instructions were neglected, and everything retrograded. On May 20, 1863, M. Faidherbe, raised to the rank of Brigadier-General, resumed the reins of government in Senegal. Two years after, his health requiring his return to a less murderous climate, he took the highest command in the subdivision of Bône. M. Faidherbe has written much on the manners, language, and history of the African nations, as well as on the topography, geology, and archaeology of the districts they inhabit. He is a member of the Geographical Societies of Paris, London, and Berlin.

**PARISIAN CADS.**—Some German officers who are prisoners on parole have been insulted in a restaurant, and, for their own safety, it has been found necessary to confine them in La Roquette. I am not surprised at this. French officers are, of course, incapable of this contemptible conduct; and it must be owned that the majority of the Parisians have not, under the trying circumstances in which they find themselves, lost that courtesy which is one of the peculiar attributes of the nation. But there is a scum, who lived from hand to mouth during the Empire, and who infest the restaurants and the public places. Some of them wear the uniform of the National Guard, others have attached themselves to the ambulances; and all take very good care not to risk their precious lives. I was peacefully dining last night in a restaurant; a friend with whom I had been talking English had left me, and I found myself alone with four of these worthies, who were dining at a table near me. For my especial benefit they informed each other that all strangers here were outlaws from their own country, and that the Americans and Italians who have established ambulances were in all probability Prussian spies. As I took no notice of these startling generalities, one of them turned to me and said, "You may look at me, Sir; but I assert before you that Dr. Evans, the ex-dentist of the Emperor, was a spy." I quietly remarked that, not having the honour to know Dr. Evans, and being myself an Englishman, whilst the Doctor is an American, I was not responsible for him. "You are a Greek," observed another; "I heard you talk Greek just now." I mildly suggested that his knowledge of foreign tongues was, perhaps, somewhat limited. "Well, if you are not a Greek," he said, "I saw you the other morning near the ambulance of the Press, to which I belong, and so you must be a spy." "If you are an Englishman," cried his friend, "why do you not go back to your own country and fight Russia?" I replied that the idea was an excellent one; but that it might, perhaps, be difficult to pass through the Prussian lines. "The English Ambassador is a friend of mine, and he will give you a pass at my request," answered the gentleman who had mistaken me for a Greek. I thanked him, and assured him that I should esteem it a favour if he would obtain from his friend Lord Lyons this pass for me. He said he would do so, as it would be well to rid Paris of such vermin as myself and my countrymen. He has not yet, however, fulfilled his promise. Scenes such as these are of frequent occurrence at restaurants. Bully and coward are generally synonymous terms; and while, as I have already said, nothing can be more courteous than the conduct of French officers, French gentlemen, and, unless they are excited, the French poorer classes, nothing can be more insolent than that of the third-class dandies who reserve their valour for the interior of the towns, or who, if ever they venture outside of its fortifications, take care to skulk beneath the protection of the cross of Geneva.—*Diary of a Besieged Resident, in the "Daily News."*

## THE IRISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Irish Church is rapidly putting its house in order, and but little remains to be done in completing its preparations for the coming change. Several of the Diocesan Synods constituted under the statutes of the Convention have been held, and all the elaborate machinery necessary for conducting its spiritual and temporal affairs in future will be ready before the end of the year. In one respect only is there reason to anticipate much serious difficulty. The collection of funds has not proceeded so satisfactorily as might have been expected, and it will need a very great effort to place the Disestablished Church in a position of financial security. Many circumstances have acted as drawbacks to check the liberality of friends who possess abundant means of helping it, but think it prudent to wait until it shall have been reorganised. The hope of realising a considerable sum from commutation and composition of life-interests to form the basis of a re-endowment is becoming fainter every day. This is owing to the fact that the clergy, as a rule, are driving a hard bargain with the representative body, and have insisted upon such advantageous terms for themselves that there is little chance of a surplus for the future Church, and some of the laity apprehend that if a considerable number of the clergy avail themselves of the privilege of compounding there will be serious risk of a deficit. There is no uniform plan or harmonious combination of plans for the collection and distribution of the Church's available resources. Various schemes and suggestions are put forward in each diocese, according to circumstances, for the regulation of financial matters, and the want of co-operation is sadly felt. In places where the Protestant population is numerous and wealthy funds will not be wanting for local purposes, but the tendency of the policy adopted in some of the Diocesan Synods appears to be to take special care of this particular section of the Church, instead of aiming at the formation of a general fund to be apportioned equitably to every parish. At the Derry Synod Sir F. Heygate, M.P., who has taken an active interest in the work of reorganisation, pressed the importance of contributing to the General Sustentation Fund, and moved a resolution instructing the Diocesan Council to urge this upon parishes as the primary duty of every member of the Church. He pointed out the great danger that, in looking so much at home, as they were doing in some localities, the general interests of the Church would be forgotten. He expressed his dissent from the views of the Bishop of Down and Connor, and the decision arrived at by the Synod of that diocese, whose efforts were chiefly directed to the formation of a diocesan fund, and who, he thought, had passed too lightly over the General Sustentation Fund. That fund had not, he said, been supported as it ought to be in the north; indeed, the support was less there in proportion than in the rest of Ireland, and there was danger that, unless a strong effort was made in its favour the Church would be split into a number of small congregations. He did not underrate the importance of having a Diocesan Fund administered by a wise committee; but he maintained that the first object should be the general fund, to which all should contribute. The effect would be to promote unity, to manifest a common sympathy between all parts of the Church, and destroy the impression that the rich and prosperous north cared little for the struggling parishes of the south and west. He also argued that a general fund would be more likely to be permanent than a merely local subscription, which would be liable to be destroyed by some local disagreements, and that such a fund would secure for the clergy a position of far greater independence, and that in no other way could small and poor congregations hope to be maintained. His arguments prevailed, and the Synod unanimously adopted the resolution.

## TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT BIRMINGHAM.

A TERRIBLE explosion took place, on the 9th inst., at the cartridge manufactory of Messrs. Ludlow and Co., at Witton, about four miles from Birmingham. Seventeen persons were killed on the spot, and fifty-three were at once removed to the hospitals, and others were more or less injured. The additional deaths in hospital have already raised the total number to over thirty, and several other cases are expected to prove fatal. This equals even the Abergele railway accident in its fatality, and surpasses it in the extent of the injuries occasioned. It seems, moreover, only wonderful that the destruction was not more widespread and terrible. The explosion was so severe that many who were killed are destroyed beyond possibility of recognition, and others are only recognised by nails in their shoes, by a piece of flannel round their necks, or by peculiar marks or scars. This destructive explosion occurred in a field in which there were nineteen sheds; and in these as many as 500 persons were employed in the work of making and priming cartridges. From the shed in which the explosion commenced it spread to a second, which was ten or twelve yards distant, and from that to a third. It seems marvellous it should have spread no further. The spark, or the concussion, leaps on such occasions from point to point, and the whole field was exposed to destruction when a single shed exploded. But the disaster, as it stands, is sufficiently sweeping to demand the most careful and skilled investigation, and we are glad to see the Coroner intends to apply to the Government for assistance in the inquiry.

It makes the case worse that this is the last of a series of accidents within a very few weeks. It seems there are two large cartridge manufactories at Witton, near Birmingham—those of Messrs. Kynoch and of Messrs. Ludlow. They are within a stone's throw of each other, and, for all we can see, the destruction of both factories might have followed an explosion in one. The three former explosions were in the Messrs. Kynoch's factories, and the number of sufferers in each was respectively two, ten, and twenty-seven. The fourth was at Messrs. Ludlow's, and has doubled the destruction caused by the previous three. There are two accounts of the cause of the disaster, but they agree in pointing to one source of danger. One account says that a woman was warming herself at a stove in the centre of one of the sheds, when her apron caught fire, and she ran screaming to and fro until the flame caught some of the loose powder lying on the benches. According to another statement, she was warming her dinner at the stove, and some loose powder, which had accidentally collected in the vessel, took fire. However this may be, it would appear that in each of the sheds in which this perilous manufacture was conducted a stove (and, according to one statement, an open stove) had recently been erected. If this prove true, it will be difficult for the manufacturers to escape the charge of criminal negligence.

Experience has shown that no precautions are too great to guard against danger from so exquisitely sensitive a material. In view of these customary precautions, the practices reported at Witton are almost incredible. The rules of the firm took notice of such obvious dangers as the intrusion of strangers during working hours, and yet the managers had the temerity to erect stoves in the centre of sheds for "loading" cartridges. If a firm of manufacturers had wished to provoke an accident they could not have taken a more direct course for inviting the peril. Soldiers are forbidden to smoke when on watch over a magazine; but the danger thus apprehended is trivial compared to that which Messrs. Ludlow seem deliberately to have contemplated. They had five hundred people at work in a kind of open magazine; most of them women and girls, whose dresses were peculiarly liable to increase any danger from fire; they had received warnings of danger in the disasters of a neighbouring manufactory; yet they permitted, not one, but several fires in the most dangerous portions of the magazine. The stoves, it is said, had but recently been fixed, and no one will be surprised that a very short time should have sufficed to bring about the disaster which was thus threatened.

**IRON SHIPBUILDING** is reviving on the Thames, about fourteen vessels of a fair average tonnage being now in course of construction.



## Literature.

*On Credit.* By Lady Wood. London: Chapman and Hall.

It would be difficult to refer this novel to any particular class, though, unfortunately, it belongs to a certain order of books far too many of which have appeared as the contributions of "lady" writers to the stock of questionable literature. It is not immoral, in the sense of commending immorality either by fictitious incidents or the art with which the evil disposition of the characters is concealed or excused by the redeeming qualities they are made to display, or the brilliant attractions and accomplishments of which they are possessed. The characters are vigorously drawn, thoroughly depicted; but rather commonplace, both in their revolting coarseness and their modes of action, while the incidents are actually gross, and are often told in gross language. Descriptions of the doings of a wretched dishonourable Major, who, having been refused as the suitor of a girl who loves him, takes his revenge on the widowed mother by inducing a younger sister to elope with him to India, and returns years afterwards, with his wife and children, to the mother's house, a confirmed and disgusting drunkard, are not pleasant reading. The wife, pretty, intriguing, and utterly selfish in her remorseless guilt, is, if possible, still less attractive; while, from first to last, the manner of narrating the small, coarse details which the authoress seems to like to dwell upon, gives the reader a disagreeable sense of impurity. It is an unpleasant book, to say the least of it. There is, to be sure, a kind of power in some of the descriptive passages, but disfigured by the constant recurrence of vulgar and even revolting incidents, which seem to be used as "spice," but are really more indicative of that which spice is sometimes used to arrest or to prevent. Of the artistic quality of the story more may be said, but even here it is strangely deficient, and the casual reader will be surprised to discover by the time that the seventh page has been reached that an unscrupulous but handsome mounted cavalry officer, meeting a number of the pupils of a ladies' boarding-school while they are out walking, is able not only to flatter and perturb his intended victim by a glance, but actually to convey to her by the same means his name and rank in the service.

## CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOKS.

There are fashions in books, as in dress and other matters; and, as in dress and other matters, book fashions change—though, perhaps, not so often or so completely as in some other things. It is now about twenty years, or thereby, since the highly illustrated, illuminated, and ornamental style of fashion set in among books designed for the multitude (it had been in use long before, as everybody knows, for select works); this style became further and further developed year after year, till the illustrations, the illuminations, and the ornaments came to be everything, and the matter they were supposed to elucidate little or nothing. The ornate fashion in books held its own for a long time, each publisher striving to outshine all his competitors; and some very choice specimens of artistic and typographical manufacture were the results. The fashion had a use, or it would not so long have kept the field; it first developed and then gratified a taste for art and elegance. But the thing was overdone, perhaps; or had had its day; or, having served its purpose, was less and less esteemed, like other things in like case. At all events, the fashion has changed, or is becoming very much modified. We have still illustrated books; but the illustrations are subordinate to the matter illustrated. We have still elegant books—editions *de luxe*; but the aim now is to retain something of innate substance—not to sacrifice everything to external elegance. And this, we think, is in decidedly better taste. We saw it remarked in a contemporary, the other day, that the old—comparatively speaking—elegant gift-books were things which everybody praised and everybody bought, but which nobody read. Now, we scarcely think that this is stating the case quite accurately; for we fancy that it is exactly because everybody does not buy the editions *de luxe* that said editions are now produced much more sparingly than they were wont to be. The getting-up of such books is an exceedingly expensive affair; and, to recoup the cost, publishers must not only sell large numbers, but charge a high price. The public, we suspect, began to tire of paying high prices for, and buying large numbers of, volumes mainly fitted for being praised, and purchased, and looked at, but never read. Producing highly ornate books did not pay; and so it has come to pass that mere elegance is giving place to utility, or, at least, is having utility combined with it in a constantly increasing ratio—a change of fashion we hail with considerable satisfaction. Not that we should like to see illustration and ornament altogether banished from the book world; we have no desire to witness the advent of a reign of puritanical plainness. But we like illustration to really illustrate, ornament to simply embellish, the matter operated upon; not to smother and obscure it entirely, as was not unfrequently the case in the days when elegance had sovereign sway. The author of a book, we hold, should still be somebody in connection with it; not be totally eclipsed by the illustrator thereof. We have before us a few books which, to our mind, very nearly hit the happy mean—the judicious mixture of excellences—which we desiderate in books designed for gifts.

Foremost among these is a new edition of "Longfellow's Poetical Works," just published by Routledge and Sons. This is the author's "complete edition." It contains all the poems yet published by the greatest—at least, the most popular—of Transatlantic poets, including the "New England Tragedies," &c. The illustrator is Mr. John Gilbert, who has done his work admirably, but has not overdone it. We could not accord him higher praise. The printing is beautifully clear, the paper good, and the binding neat without being too florid. Altogether, a nicer edition of one of the most pleasing of poets could not be desired; a book, in short, that is sure not only to be praised, and bought, and looked at, but read also, and read extensively too.

Another really choice book of the season is Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles" (London: Provost and Co.), illustrated with photographic views by S. Thompson and Russell Sedgfield. This is in small quarto, printed on fine, thick, toned paper, and very prettily bound in blue and gold, the rose and the thistle being commingled with much taste on the boards. The book, indeed, is altogether more of the *de luxe* style than is this year the mode; but all is in keeping, the poem itself being still the most prominent feature, the illustrations, binding, &c., being kept subordinate, though beautiful in themselves. The photographs, however, must be a great point of the book's attractions, for they are really admirable. Earth and sea, rock and sky, tower and tree, men and ships, are all rendered with a perfect naturalness and with a clearness that leave nothing to be desired. Finer specimens of the photographer's art we have seldom seen. The scenes to be depicted have been well chosen, they illustrate important passages of the poem, and are just sufficiently numerous to be effective, without being so plentiful as to overload the context. The views include Iona, Loch Scavaig in Syke, Artoirish Castle, Staffa, Tarbert, Loch Ranza, Brodie Bay and Goatfell, Stirling Castle, and a View from the latter looking towards Banrockburn. These will be at once recognised as the scenes of leading incidents in the poem; and though the photographs, of course, represent the places as they are now, not as they were in the days of Bruce's struggle for Scottish independence, it is probable that in most of them but little change has taken place in the course of time, and that in looking upon them as delineated here we see them much as they appeared to the eyes of Scotland's hero-king and his daring companions more than three hundred years ago. Tarbert and Brodie Bay are no doubt more frequented in these days than they were in those; but Iona, Artoirish, Lochs Scavaig and Ranza, Staffa, and even Stirling's Royal fortress, must remain much as they were; and therefore it is that these photographic

views so aptly illustrate Sir Walter's text. We congratulate all concerned in getting up this work on the success they have achieved; and recommend the book as one not only pleasant to look at, but delightful to peruse—delightful both in itself and in the accessories with which it is here presented to us.

Mr. James Anthony Froude, M.A., is best known to the reading world as a grave historian, untiring in his search after truth, and inexorable in his application of the facts he discovers, however much in so doing he may come into collision with current notions; indeed, a little given to seeking out new tracks, rehabilitating the characters of commonly disgraced historical personages, and occasionally falling foul of reputations which the world had agreed to hold in reverence. All that is more or less true; but it is not all the truth as regards Mr. Froude. For, in "The Cat's Pilgrimage" (Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas), a reprint from "Long Studies of Small Subjects," the reader will find Mr. Froude an elegant and ingenious fabulist, with, moreover, a keen dash of satire, as a genuine fabulist should have, seeing that the fabulist's chief office is to correct faults by covertly satirising them. This edition of Mr. Froude's fable is illustrated by J. B., who has very successfully caught and reflected the spirit of his author. A pretty book, this, to look over and laugh at in the pauses of conversation at an evening party; and, moreover, containing hints to ponder afterwards.

If there be few chapters in the world's history so melancholy as those which contain the records of religious persecution, there are none so noble and inspiring as those which delineate the lives of men and women who have braved every extreme of suffering and evil for conscience sake, and have left behind them a memory, a testimony, and an example which all good men will reverence and strive to emulate. To this exalted category belong the personages whose history is detailed in the "The Scots Worthies," by John Howie, of Lochgoon, a book which, when we were young, held the second place in the library of every Scottish household. We hope it still keeps its position, and that the new edition, just issued under the editorship of the Rev. W. H. Carslaw, M.A. (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter), will be received with the welcome it deserves. History teaching by example never taught better than in the lives of such men as John Knox, George Buchanan, Robert Baillie, John Brown, Robert Bruce, Richard Cameron, Archibald Campbell the great Marquis of Argyll, and the other "worthies" commemorated in this work. These men might sometimes be mistaken in their views; but they were ever honest in their purpose, and manly in their vindication of liberty and independence, both of soul and body. In issuing this new and judiciously-illustrated edition of the "Scots Worthies," the editor and publishers have done a real service to this generation of readers, who have a tendency to be somewhat more accommodating in their opinions and decidedly less stern in their adherence to principle than were the "worthies" of the olden time, or than is becoming in any time.

Mr. Henry Blackburn is a most diligent maker of books. We say "maker" of books, as distinguished from a "writer" of books, which latter Mr. Blackburn is not. But book-makers are useful in their way as well as book-writers; and, of all the book-makers we know, Mr. Blackburn is, perhaps, the most lucky and successful. His "Travelling in Spain," "Artists and Arabs," "The Pyrenees," and "Normandy Picturesque," were happy instances of skill in gathering together previously-existing materials, adding appropriate illustrations, and thereby fabricating a very handsome and tolerably-interesting book. Mr. Blackburn's latest effort, "Art in the Mountains: The Story of the Passion Play at Oberammergau" (London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston), is in the same line as his previous efforts. We suppose most people are aware that at Oberammergau, in the Bavarian Tyrol, there exists an institution unique of its kind in Europe, at least in these days. This is the performance, at certain intervals, of a "mystery" or play delineating the life and passion of the Saviour; and it is to the description and illustration of this "Passion Play," the performance of which originated in a vow made by the inhabitants about 240 years ago, in a season of sore trouble, that Mr. Blackburn has devoted his present volume. The chief merit of the book is, perhaps, that it contains authentic portraits of the several performers and accurate delineations of local costumes and other accessories. The work is very nicely got up, and is exceedingly interesting from the information it conveys concerning an institution so singular and a state of society so different from our own. The performance this year was, unhappily, interrupted by the war; but it is satisfactory to learn that none of the actors have been called upon to take the field or been in peril of real martyrdom, and that a short performance is to be given again next summer. We have no doubt that Mr. Blackburn's book will induce not a few persons to pay a visit to Oberammergau on that occasion.

A work that makes no pretensions to elegance, but is a most appropriate gift-book nevertheless, is Messrs. Bell and Daldy's new Aldine edition of Pope, with a memoir by the Rev. Alexander Dyce. The work is in three volumes, neatly printed and bound, of a size suitable either for the pocket or the bookcase; and a more acceptable gift for a young man of literary tastes could with difficulty be found. The memoir, a most important feature in reproductions of our standard poets, is thoroughly appreciative; perhaps we should say laudatory. Pope's merits, as man and as poet, are fully acknowledged; while his weaknesses (faults—meanings, perhaps—some may call them: we prefer a milder term) are not concealed, though they are not insisted upon. The author of the "Dunciad" has had many editors recently, some of whom have dealt with him—the poet himself we mean, not his works—more critically than biographically. This is not the case with Mr. Dyce, who is mainly biographical, and but very slightly critical; and we do not know that we like his memoir the worse for it. He has not, perhaps, told us all the truth about Pope—he has left that work to the critical editors, who have done it, perhaps, somewhat too unsparingly; for though truth is valuable, it need not be always told. It is now over a century and a quarter since Pope fell asleep; might not his failings, be they great or small, have been permitted to sleep with him? In short, Mr. Dyce has set his author before us as nearly as possible as we could have wished him to be; and therefore we are content—as we hope readers will be also, and possess themselves of these three nice volumes, by gift or purchase, as soon as they possibly can.

In Mr. Ascott R. Hope's "Stories about Boys" (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo) we have another unpretending but thoroughly wholesome and pleasing book. We always enjoy the perusal of Mr. Hope's books (some of which, such as "The Book about Boys," "Book about Dominies," &c., we have noticed aforetime). They are so frank, so fresh, so hearty, so outspoken in their sentiments, that we cannot choose but like them, albeit we differ somewhat from the author's notions on the subject of flogging, for reasons which we stated when occasion offered. At present we have no controversy with Mr. Hope, and can honestly commend his "Stories about Boys" to the reading of both boys and men. It may be right to mention that most of the pieces in this volume had previously appeared in the pages of *Kingston's Boys' Magazine*, *Every Boy's Magazine*, *Merry and Wise*, and *Kind Words*. They will all bear repetition, however.

"Peter Parley's Annual" (London: Ben. George) and the "Children's Hour Annual" (Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter) reached us too late for notice in their proper place—that is, among books for the young; and yet we are loth to let them stand over till another opportunity occurs for dealing with that order of literature. We therefore wish to say a kind word here for each—a word which is well merited, for both works contain wholesome reading, and will make suitable gift-books for the young.

THE ST. JAMES'S VESTRY have decided not to entertain, for the present, an application made by the managing committees of several of the clubs to lay down asphalt in Pall-mall.

## DEATH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS died at Puy, near Dieppe, on the 5th instant; but it was more than a week before the world was made aware of the fact. So great has been the pressure of rapid and startling political events that Dumas has been allowed to die in comparative obscurity. Indeed, not until the present crisis is over, and the French nation has recovered from the fierce fever of war, will Dumas's countrymen have time to estimate the value of the man who for forty years has plied them with dramas, comedies, romances, histories, travels, and sketches of every conceivable kind. To look back over the career of Alexandre Dumas is to contemplate one of the most astonishing records of human activity which the world has seen. Who can reckon up the number of books he has written, or recall the titles of one tithe of his plays? Yet his life has not been an unusually long one. There are many French authors still living who were men while he was but a lad. Guizot, Thiers, Michelet, date their birth in a previous century. Dumas was born in 1803, at Villers-Cotterets, a small town some few miles from Soissons, on the road to Paris. His father was a General of the Republic, his mother an African negress; and there were many traces in his own features of negro descent. Losing his father early, we find Dumas in his youth being educated by his mother, now a widow in not too easy circumstances. The instruction that he thus received was not of a kind to promise well for his future success in literature; but when Dumas, at the age of twenty, was sent to Paris to seek his fortune, literature was not the aim of his exertions. His chief accomplishment was good and rapid penmanship; and, on the recommendation of several Generals, friends of his father, he was received into the household of the Duke of Orleans (afterwards King Louis Philippe) as assistant to the Duke's secretary. The Duke of Orleans proved a very good friend to Dumas—in fact, assumed towards him an attitude of patronage, which is a familiar feature in literary history. The young Dumas had 1200*fr.* a year; and, subsisting upon this modest salary, seems to have applied himself with much assiduity to various and desultory reading. He began, as most young authors do, to write verses; and in 1826 he ventured to publish a volume, entitled "Nouvelles," of the fate of which we are left in darkness. The probability is that it was much beloved by the author, read by a few friends, regarded with despair by the publisher, and admired beyond all bounds by Madame Dumas, if she lived to see the happy day of its publication. Meanwhile Dumas had also begun to write dramas; and in 1829 he achieved his first success with his "Henri II. et sa Cour," a historical drama in five acts. The publication of this drama, one of his biographers informs us, was regarded by the public as part of that great intellectual protest against the tyranny of classicism which had already shaped itself in poetry. Dumas was the hero of the hour, and the audience thought it could not better compliment him than by hooting Racine. The Duke of Orleans was there, too, and led the applause which greeted this effort of his assistant secretary. The Duke of Orleans, in fact, had made a discovery in the person of the young man with the facile penmanship; and from that moment Dumas, while he grew in favour with the public, did not lack the good graces of the Duke in forwarding his interests elsewhere. For his services during the crisis of July, 1830, he was received at Court, and obtained the July Cross. In 1842 he married Mlle. Ferrier, an actress of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and some time after he himself opened a theatre, which was a failure. He started two new newspapers. He wrote feuilletons for all manner of journals. He put himself forward, subsequently to the Revolution of 1848, as a candidate for the National Assembly. Then he was obliged for a time to retire to Belgium, his various and versatile labours not having produced those monetary returns which were necessary to support the extravagant whims of this too fortunate romanticist.

Yet before this crisis was reached Dumas had become the most widely-read author in France, and the pecuniary fruits of his labour were surprising. Whatever he touched turned to gold. The treasures of his active brain seemed as boundless as the treasures which Edmund Dantes found in the island grotto. He was never tired of writing, the public were never tired of reading; and, indeed, there was no reason whatever why most of his romances, which for the most part appeared originally as feuilletons, might not have gone on to the end of time. Could anyone weary of the adventures of d'Artagnan? The "Three Musketeers," which was at first published in the *Siècle*, formed eight volumes when it received substantive publication; its continuations, "Twenty Years After" and the "Viscount de Bragelonne," reached respectively ten and twelve volumes; and we are sure that every reader who was led on from chapter to chapter by the vivid and dramatic recital could have wished the story to run on for thirty volumes more. It was previous to his retirement into Belgium, also, that he had written the most famous of all his works, "Monte Christo," which appeared in the *Debats*. These two works, along with "La Reine Margot," raised his annual income, says one authority, to nearly £8000, a fortune which was "quickly devoured by the fantastic follies of the Palace of Monte Christo."

Side by side with these romances, Dumas was busily engaged with a series of dramas, whose titles defy recapitulation. His marvellous faculty of grouping characters, and constructing striking incidents, was equalled only by the extraordinary fecundity of his invention. Any sort of material seemed to go into the restless machinery of his brain, and come out in a dramatic and impressive form. He swallowed his own children, and brought forth his romances as dramas, which were so far from being mere reproductions that all who had been interested in the books were no less interested in the plays. Independently of these, he composed comedies, tragedies, comic operas—good, bad, and indifferent—"Fiquillo," "Angèle," "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle," "Paul Jones," "Le Démon des de St. Cyr," "Louise Bernard," "La Guerre des Femmes," "Intrigue et Amour," with a host of spectacular compositions, such as "Les Gardes Forestiers," "La Barrière de Clichy," and "La Tour Saint-Jacques la Boucherie."

It was, however, in his romances and stories, his essays and memoirs, his autobiographical scraps and historical sketches, that he chiefly exhibited that inordinate productiveness which is one of the phenomena of modern literature. It is well known that Dumas, towards the later years of his life, did not actually write all that he published. On the contrary, he had, or was supposed to have, a staff of assistants, whom he furnished with the mere outlines of an essay or story, leaving them to fill in the "padding," and make the thing marketable. If we are not mistaken, he was also asked occasionally by a purveyor of English fiction to furnish a skeleton plot, on which the insular author might hang those incidents, characters, and reflections which he had found to suit our much-enduring public. The phrase "Alexandre Dumas and Co." was a favourite one in Paris; but people none the less read whatever was issued by that distinguished house with eager interest. We have not in our own circles wanted an example of a journal written by a number of men who had so thoroughly trained themselves to imitate the style of the master that the whole affair might have passed for having been written by that author in his duller moods. Something of the same kind exists in the case of Dumas and his assistants. There is scarcely one of the innumerable books issued in his name which does not bear the trace of his hand.

THE NEW ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.—The Right Rev. Dr. Piers Calverly Cloughton, who has been nominated to the archdeaconry of London and the canonry in St. Paul's Cathedral vacant by the death of the Venerable Archdeacon Hale, was educated at Braconne College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1835, when he was first class in classics. In 1837 he gained the Chancellor's Prize for the English Essay. He became Fellow and Tutor of University College, and by that society was presented, in 1845, to the rectory of Elton, Huntingdonshire, which he resigned, in 1849, on being appointed to the bishopric of St. Helena. In 1862 he was translated to the bishopric of Colombo. He is a brother of Dr. Cloughton, Bishop of Rochester, and is generally regarded as a moderately High Churchman.



## BOPPAUL.

BOPPAUL, or Bhopal, the capital of a Rajpoot State of the same name, and the residence of the Nabob, possesses a certain though limited degree of interest, in connection with a visit lately paid to that part of Central Hindostan by Lord Mayo, and the conference he has been holding with certain Rajpoot chiefs. The town is situated in lat. 23 deg. 17 min. N., and long. 77 deg. 27 min. E. It is surrounded by a stone wall, and on the south-west side has a fort built on a rock; but, like the fortunes of its rulers, it is in a dilapidated state, and, indeed, the whole town exhibits the appearance of decay. Also on the south-west of the town there is a large tank, four miles and a half long by one and a half

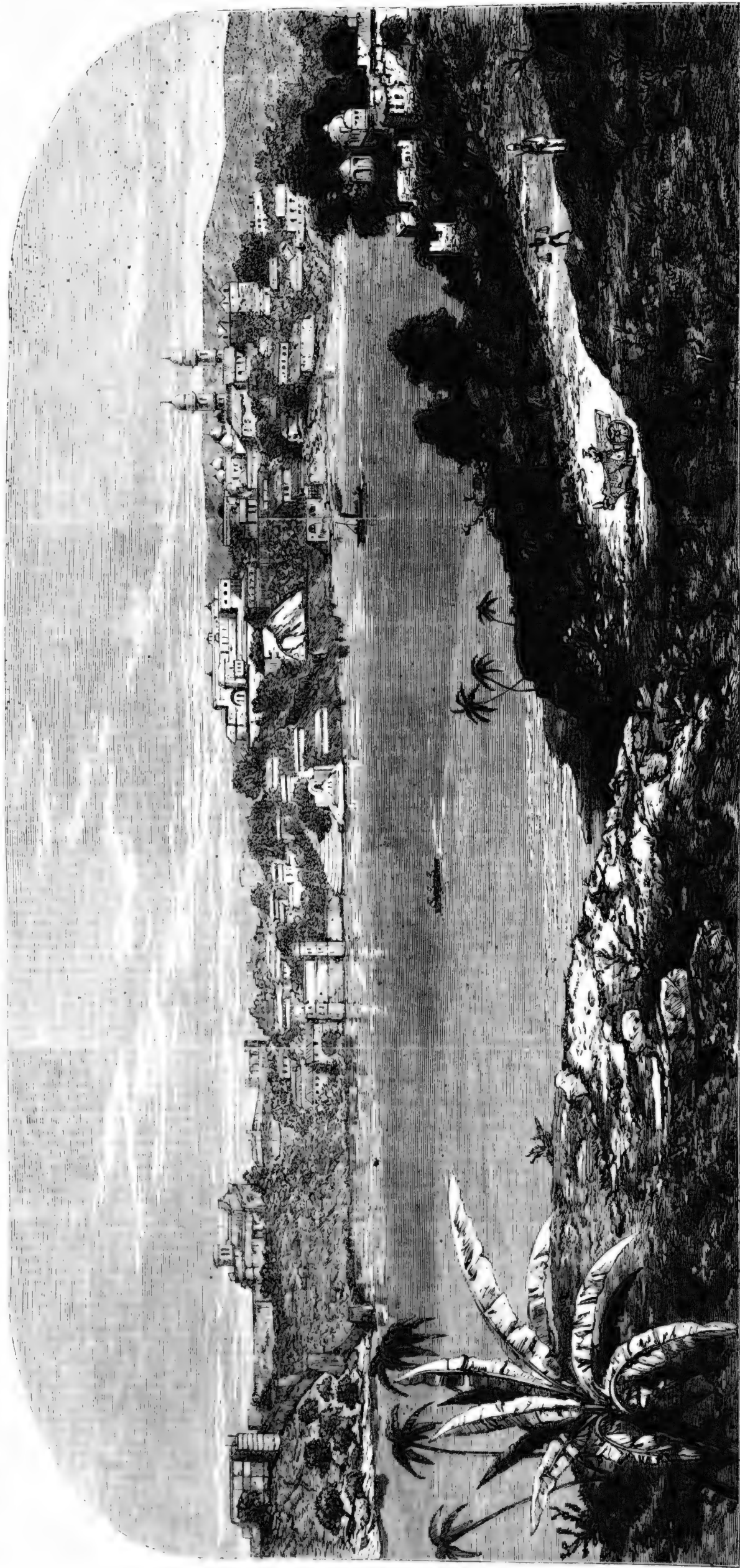
broad, formed by an embankment at the confluence of several streams. The river Beas issues from this tank, and flows north-east for twenty-three miles, when it falls into the Betwah. On the east of the town is a smaller tank, about two miles long from north to south.

The principality of Bopaul has an estimated area of about 5000 square miles. It is bounded on the north and west by the dominions of the Maharatta Chief Dowlut Rao Scindia, and on the south and east by the river Nerbudda forms a natural boundary through the whole extent of the ceded districts on the Nerbudda, in the possession of the British; the river Nerbudda forms a natural boundary through the whole extent of the south frontier. A hilly tract, forming part of the Vindhya mountains, passes through the centre of Bopaul from east to west. The soil is generally fertile, especially in the valleys, where it consists either of a

loose, rich, black loam, or of a more compact ferruginous mould. The principal vegetable products are wheat, maize, peas, and some other grains (gram, jowary, &c.) peculiar to Central India. Rice is not largely cultivated, but sugar, tobacco, cotton, and ginger are raised in quantities beyond the wants of the inhabitants, and are exchanged for salt and manufactured goods. Bopaul is well watered, having, besides the Nerbudda, numerous smaller streams, of which the Betwah is the most considerable. This river rises on the north slope of the Vindhya mountains, near the south frontier of Bopaul, and flows north across the principality, passing within sixteen miles to the east of the town of Bopaul. It then flows to the north-east, through the north-east quarter of the province of Malwa, passes the town of Eerech, in Allahabad, and falls

into the Jumna below Kalpee, having completed a course of about 340 miles. The Betwah is not navigable at any season.

The principality of Bopaul was founded, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, by Dost Mohammed, an Afghan adventurer in the service of Aurunzebe, by whom the territory was assigned to him. The government remained in the family of the founder for nearly a century, and was then usurped by Vizier Mohammed. This Prince was attacked in 1812 by the combined forces of Scindia and the Rajah of Nagpore, against whom he made a successful defence, but was reduced to such distress as repeatedly to solicit aid from the British Government. This was long withheld from the dread of offending Scindia, notwithstanding the claims which the Nabob had upon our gratitude for services rendered on



THE TOWN OF BOPPAUL, CENTRAL HINDOSTAN.

a former occasion. "When he had sold all his jewels, that he might be able to maintain troops in aid of our exertions." In 1818 the power of the Pindarries had grown to such a height as threatened destruction to Bopaul, and the principality was then taken under British protection. At the close of the war with the Maharattas, in 1818, permission was given to some of the chiefs of Pindarries to reside in Bopaul, and pensions were assigned them by the British Government, the payment of which was made to depend upon the peaceable conduct of the chiefs. Since that time the principality has enjoyed political repose, and, the Government being administered with a due regard to the interests of the people by making a settlement of the revenue upon equitable principles, the country is understood to be in a tolerably flourishing condition.

## A STRANGE GIFT AND A STRANGE GUEST.

## I. THE SHOEMAKER'S FAMILY.

"COME KARL, come children, there is thick soup and beef to-day, and it is getting cold. Now Katinka, put by thy knitting and set a chair for thy good father. Little Emil is late to-day. I hope the child hasn't been kept from home because the master was in ill-humour at having to wait a day longer, while the leather was softening, for his boots."

"What art thou saying, wife? Karl Schwartz makes boots that bring no corns—as all the world knows. Their only fault is that they last too long and want so little mending. Come, little ones. I hear

Emil at the door, sniffing. He can tell the difference between beef-soup and bread-broth, can that boy?"

"He is a good boy, husband, and may well follow his nose if it lead him into no mischief. Why art thou crying, Katinka?"

"I was thinking of poor Schmil, mother. We should have heard from him to-day, and the postman has passed these two hours. Oh! why did Schmil go away?"

"Why indeed, child? I greatly fear for the lad; and your father was wrong to let him go."

"Say no more, wife. The boy was an idle dreamer, a wisher and not a worker, and was ever out in the woods since he wandered among the pilgrims that came to Mariasell last summer. Some evil

counsellor whispered to the lad, and he grew discontented. Alas! when I think of him I remember my brother Emil, and my heart grows heavy. Sit down, my children; and when we pray let us ask for work and wages, not for cloth and riches."

"Husband, eat your soup. Who knows what may happen? And as for riches, we might well be poorer; but it would not break my heart if we had a little more to do with. I went to the cupboard this morning, to find pot-herbs; and there, at the bottom of the oaken salt-box, where you keep your bills, I came upon that letter."

"What letter, my wife?"

"As if you didn't know! though I'd almost forgotten it myself—that letter with nothing in it but the list and the ticket. Do you



know that the drawing is to be in three days, and there is a chance of the great prize? An eighth would be a fortune, and it is for an eighth."

"The ticket is none of ours, Lisa. How it should come to us I know not. There must be some other Karl Schwartz who has a right to it, and that we shall know soon enough if it should turn out a lucky number. You have never whispered to Schmil that the letter he brought home from the post-house came from nobody knows where and held nobody knows what?"

"Never. The boy was idle enough without that, and would have had a new castle to build; but we might have asked him to inquire in Vienna who bought the number 99, and what manner of man he was."

"Schmil will never reach Vienna; he has too little money, and would have to beg his way."

"But he has his tools, and can work his way."

"Schmil will never work his way."

With this a dead silence fell on the whole family, and Karl Schwartz, the shoemaker of Wegscheid, cut a great slice off the brown loaf and gloomily ate his soup.

They were a common-place family enough, but the head of the house was honest and industrious. It was not a vain boast that Karl Schwartz was known as a maker of good boots. He had customers who came for miles to give him their orders, or, at all events, took advantage of the Mariaszell pilgrimage to pay him a visit. Smiths from Wildalpen, iron-founders at Bruck, and even mountain-climbers from Eisenerz, turned into his work-room, and, while they wondered at the array of lasts, and hides, and paper patterns, waxed thread, and "ends," wondered still more

at the orderly look of the place; for Lisa Schwartz was a notable woman, and her two girls helped her to scrub and clean, so that as a rough fellow from the Holzaufzug once said, "To go into Dame Schwartz's house on week-day was like paying a visit to any other house on a Sunday."

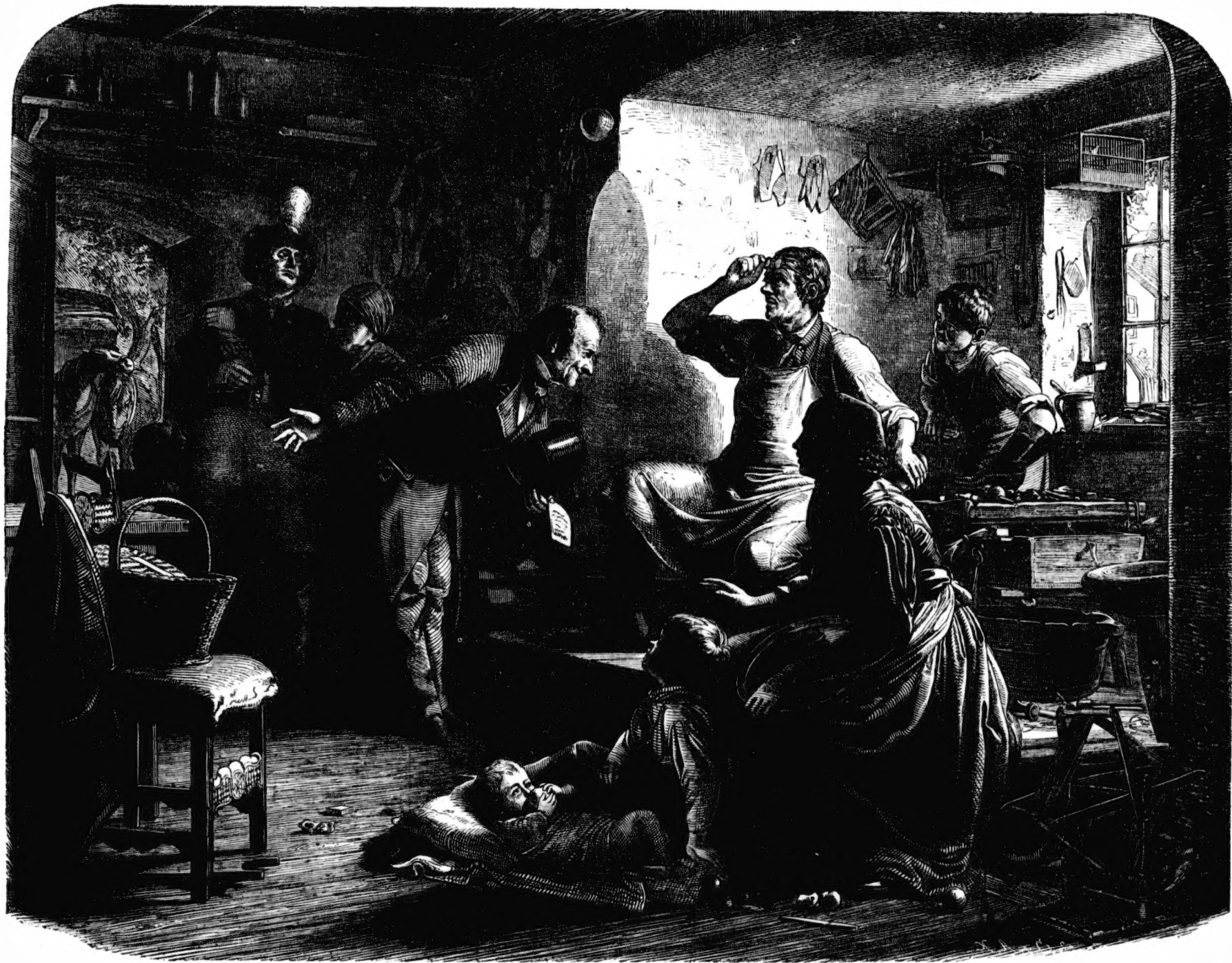
You won't expect me to describe it, with its neat kitchen, where the white deal furniture was rubbed and scrubbed till it looked like ivory, and its little parlour, that was never entered, except on May Day, birthdays, and at Christmastide, and then only when the priest or the schoolmaster were guests. Still less need I tell you about the country round Wegscheid,—of the hills at Niederalpel and Seeburg,—of Brandhof and its "hunting chamber," of the villages, of the smiths, and the woodmen,—or of Mariaszell, with its image, which was said to have cured Markgraf Henry of the gout seven hundred years ago. Surely there was enough in any of these places to make an idle lad give way to dreams; and it only wanted the influence of the great fair held by the thousands of pilgrims that came to the shrine twice a year to make the idleness greater, even though it made the dreams fewer.

Schmil Schwartz—Schmil being a nickname—had been lazy at school, and his certificates were scarcely as satisfactory as they should have been, so that it would not have been easy for him to get a good place when he came to show them to a master who wanted an active lad. Then he disliked his trade, and, fancying he had a soul above the last and the lapstone, wanted to "try his fortune," as though any but ill-fortune could be tried by keeping one's hands in one's empty pockets. Schmil had tasted the strap more than once, but that hadn't done him much good.

He took each thrashing a payment beforehand for his next fit of skulks, and usually had skulks and sulks together. His mother cried over him, and Katinka pitied him; but it was of no use, though he loved them both. His father talked seriously to him, and warned him by the fate of his uncle Emil, Karl Schwartz's younger brother, who, from being an idle dreamer, had become a soldier, and then disgraced, killed, or banished—nobody knew which—had disappeared, after nearly breaking his mother's heart with the reports of his evil ways. Steady Karl had stuck to his trade, had been to Vienna to learn some tidings of his lost brother (but without any result, for nobody knew what had become of him), and then had married. That was years ago, and now here was his own son following in the same way that had ruined the gay, idle lad whom he had last seen in his military uniform when he came to bid him good-by before the expiration of his furlough. It was hard to bear, but Karl thought it would be best to gratify his boy's wish, and, after exacting a promise that he would write at the end of three days and return in a month, he gave him a trifle of money, packed up a kit of tools for him in an old knapsack that also held his second shirt and stockings, and bade him farewell at the top of the street, whence he watched him till he was out of sight.

## II. WHAT BEFEL SCHMIL IN THE WEICHELBODEN.

Now Schmil no sooner got quite clear of the village than he sat down on a wall and tried to make up his mind which way to turn. Like most idle people, he found he had no mind to make up; so, after wasting a good half hour, he hit upon the lazy expedient of throwing up his stick, with the intention of following



A STRANGE GIFT AND A STRANGE GUEST

the path to which its ferule end might happen to point after it fell. It pointed in the direction of the rough tract of country leading to the steep hill above the wild ravine of the Weichselboden, an accident which rendered it necessary for him to stay for a night at the last rustic inn which stood on the edge of the broken tract. It was a poor place, but good enough for such travellers as he; and, after a frugal supper of bread and milk, he sat in the dim corner, near the stove, and fell into a doze. It was a lonely place, so far from the village that no company sat in the public room; and Schmil had it all to himself. He lost himself at last, however, and was dreaming that he sat beside the old iron stove in the work-room, at home, listening to the *whish* of the wax-ends, as his father drew them through the leather.

"Karl Schwartz is the name, is it?" said a voice.

It was a customer coming in to buy boots—or so it seemed to Schmil, but before he had made up his mind about it he struggled out of sleep, remembered where he was, and saw two men sitting in the room on the other side of the stove. He couldn't have seen them if one of the two had not struck a match to light his pipe; and as he blew out the flame they both seemed to be hidden again in a great puff of smoke, but not before the boy had noticed that they were ill-looking, rough fellows, in shaggy coats and leather hats, such as are worn by both miners and woodmen.

"Ah, what a thing it is to have been in the police! Eh, Wurst?" said the man who had lighted his pipe, speaking through his nose. "I have my doubts whether the old fox isn't an agent still, though he does a trifle on his own account now and then. We must be careful not to get between his teeth."

"He'd turn out more wolf than fox; is that what you mean, Bursch?" responded his companion.

"So. But it was clever of him to have pumped this agent's clerk at Vienna, and to learn, among other things, the name and place of the lucky man. If he's only in time to get there before the news comes!"

"But suppose he doesn't; what then?"

"Why, you know who is the postilion, and where, in case of accidents, there must be a turn over. And we shan't be far off. The bags will be under the seat, the agent inside, and we at hand with Hans and Rolf. You know the turn of the road. Once lay hold of the sacks, and, whoof! we're away to the Weichselboden."

"I wonder if the old fox has come on with the post-horses. We were to meet him here an hour ago."

"Yes; or at the hut. It would be too good if we had to go back there to-night."

"Hist! I hear steps outside. The girl is bringing our drink and a light at the same time."

"We could have done without the light, brother. Pull your hat over your face."

The light was brought in, however, by a slipshod girl who carried two big mugs of beer, and set the dim, flaring lamp down upon the table.

The first of the two speakers threw the price of the beer towards her, adding a small gratuity which sent her smiling out of the room. He then approached the stove, stooped down as if to get a charred ember for his pipe, and with a sudden movement caught Schmil by the neck.

"We're a pair of fools, Wurst," he said, in a low tone. "Here have we both been letting our tongues run, and this young imp listening to us all the time. What's to be done?"

"We must take him with us, for fear of accidents. Who is he, and where does he live?"

"I'm a shoemaker, on my way to Vienna, and my name's Schmil," said the lad, trying to free himself; "and I came here to stay for the night."

"Then you'll come with us, instead. Have you paid your reckoning?"

"No."

"Then that shall wait till you return, after making your fortune in Vienna, you young cub. Say a word or try to call out, and I'll choke you. Lend me your handkerchief, Wurst, and I'll slip it over his eyes; then look that all's clear at the door, and I'll bring him along. We'll give him a walk that'll teach him the value of a bed next time he wants to sit up by the fire, listening in the dark."

So they went out, Schmil, with his eyes bandaged, being carried between them for a hundred yards or so. He was afraid to snout for help, as the men swore that they would strangle him if he dared to raise his voice. They had gone silently for some distance, when he was lowered to his feet, and the man who had first seen him slung his knapsack over his shoulder, but without unbinding his eyes.

"There, I picked that up under the seat, and I give it back to you, to show that we don't want to hurt you; but, do as we tell you, or your body will be left by the roadside or in the ravine."

So saying, he seized the lad by one arm, his companion taking the other, and hurried him along at a great pace over the rough country, where he often stumbled over the stones and tufts or nearly fell as they strode across hillocks and gulleys, with the confidence of men who knew their way, though there was no regular road.

"Pray, stop," moaned Schmil, "I can go no farther;" and as he spoke his legs gave way and he sunk to the ground. His



captors were walking so swiftly that they drew him along for a yard or two. Then Wurst slid the bandage from his eyes and stood him on his feet again. The silver light lay on the low lands and glittered on the stones and tufts that obstructed their path, and Schmil had begun to look about him as well as he was able, in order to discover where he was; but in another moment they had wound round a narrow, tortuous path, and, as only two could walk there, Wurst laid hold of the boy's collar and dragged him on. It was almost dark, for the sides of the path overhung and were fringed with scrub and dwarf trees. On they went stumbling, and sometimes almost falling, until they halted at a big stone where the hillside rose into a thicket; and there, at the end of a sort of a gallery where the track turned a sharp corner, was a low wooden hut piled round with rocks. Here the men halted; and Bursch, taking a key from his pocket, turned it in the lock, at the same time removing a timber bar from the door. Wurst thrust his prisoner into the dark hole, but without releasing his hold, or the boy would have fallen; then Bursch lighted a match and applied it to a coarse candle that stood in a bottle on the only piece of furniture in the place—a rude bench, drawn up to a big slab that served for a hearth, on which the embers of a wood fire smouldered, the smoke escaping by a hole near the roof.

Schmil saw that it was a mere cabin without any window, except one or two small apertures in the logs and planks of which it was built. In one corner was a kind of mattress covered with coarse blankets.

"Get out the brandy, Bursch," said Wurst; and the fellow, who seemed to obey his companion with some alacrity, thrust his hand beneath the mattress and drew forth a small wooden keg; while Wurst, who had pushed his prisoner on to the settle, drew out a great clasp-knife, and, feeling all along a rough shelf over the doorway, brought forward part of a huge loaf and a big sausage wrapped in a cloth.

"Here, eat this," he said, slivering off a piece of the latter, and breaking a piece from the bread, both of which he thrust into the boy's hand. Schmil was a little reassured, for the clasp-knife had given him a fright. Both the men ate in silence and ravenously, and each in turn applied himself to the keg till it was nearly empty. Wurst was about to finish its contents; but, after shaking it to hear how much was left, he pushed it towards Schmil. "Take a sup of this, you young scamp," he said, "and then turn in and go to sleep till we come and let you out in the morning; and mind, if you attempt to escape, we shan't be far off; and"—Here he dug his knife into the settle—where it quivered meaningly—and pointed to the bed. Whether it was from fatigue, or from the brandy, or from the effects of both combined, he didn't know; but, strange to say, the boy fell off into a doze as soon as he had stretched himself on the bed, with his knapsack for a pillow. Once or twice he woke to see the two men crouching over the fire and smoking, as they talked together in low tones. Then he went off into dreamless sleep, and, waking again, found that it was broad daylight, and he was alone. He had no notion of the time, but, from the appearance of the sunlight, he guessed that it was past mid-day. The door was fast—firm as the beams that held it; the fire had gone out, and the place was cold from the keen air that blew through the chimney-hole. At first the lad felt inclined to cry, but in another minute he had resolved to escape if he could find a way out, for he didn't believe that the men had meant to kill him, and he could not be so far from the inn that he had left on the previous night as to make it impossible for him to reach it if he had daylight to guide him. He was tormented with thirst, too, and there was no sign of anything to drink. The men had taken the brandy keg with them, and only a few crumbs remained along with the fag end of the sausage. His only hope was to climb up to the hole that served for a chimney, if he could but reach it; and, exerting all his strength, he dragged the heavy bench to the hearth, and, getting his back under it, hoisted one end of it against the wall. The difficulty was how to stand on it so as to reach the hole, which was barely large enough to allow him to pass through. In another minute he had opened his knapsack, and driven his two largest awls into the bench as near the top end as he could place them; then he fastened the knapsack itself to his back, and, after repeated failures, contrived, with the aid of his stick, to get his hand on the end of the bench and drew himself up until he could get one foot on the two awls. Just above him was the chimney-hole, to the edge of which he clung, and about a foot higher than the end of the bench was a small round knot-hole in the timber wall. Into this he thrust his stick, and so obtained a firm footing from which he could thrust his head through the larger hole and look about him. Everything was still. A rough track, about two feet wide, went up the mountain within six paces of the hut, and he could see nothing stirring. He took off his knapsack, thrust it through the chimney, and lowered it by the straps, that it might have a less distance to fall. Then, with a tremendous effort, he raised himself half through the aperture, kicked his stick through the hole beneath him, and—stuck fast.

(To be continued in our Christmas Number.)

## MUSIC.

THE Royal Italian Opera closed its doors on Saturday last, after a performance of "Les Huguenots," which would have been more effective, perhaps, had Signor Vizzani, who impersonated Raoul, been in health and voice. Mdlle. Titiens was superb, as usual; the Margaret of Madame Sinico and the Urbain of Mdlle. Scalchi being also satisfactory. But nearly all the male artists fell short of what the public have a right to expect. The bane of the season from its beginning was an attempt to do too much; and, as we have shown, the inevitable effects were apparent to its end. This evening Mr. Mapleson brings his company to London for a special performance of "Fidelio" in honour of the Beethoven centenary, after which Covent Garden will be given up to pantomime.

Our readers will scarcely expect a commentary upon the prospectus of the Italian Opera Buffa Company. Like most prospectus, it promises well; but "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," and we shall await the eating for fear of taking needless trouble. Of course, the new enterprise, if properly managed, will meet with a general support.

The concerts of the week, apart from those in honour of Beethoven (which we shall take another opportunity of noticing), have been few. The Popular Concert in St. James's Hall, on Monday, was less interesting than some of its predecessors, though there was charm enough for a large audience in a selection from Beethoven's Rasoumowsky's quartets, and the pianoforte playing of Herr Pauer. Mr. Benedict's new oratorio, "St. Peter," was given in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, with great success. Since its first production at Birmingham, the work has been largely, though not sufficiently, curtailed. Some movements have been re-written and others re-touched. The changes, on the whole, are for the better, and Mr. Benedict may now be proud of his latest and greatest composition. That its performance attracted a large audience we need not say—"everybody," in fact, put in an appearance; and Mr. Benedict was applauded at the close with enthusiasm of the most genuine sort. Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Stockhausen were the principal vocalists, and their names guarantee efficiency. Mr. Barnby's choir supplied an excellent chorus, while the orchestra left little to desire. "St. Peter" may now be considered as fairly before the public, "waiting for the verdict." What the public will say of it, the applause of Wednesday night foreshadowed.

## NEW MUSIC.

*Fidelio.* An Opera in Two Acts, by L. Van Beethoven, translated into English, and Corrected according to the Original Score, by Natalia Macfarren. London: Novello, Ewer, and Co. The old adage "It never rains but it pours" is just now being illustrated in the matter of operatic handbooks. A month or

two ago there were no such things; but at present two of the greatest London publishers are hard at work doing their best to bring the masterpieces of dramatic music within everybody's reach. Upon this the most appropriate commentary is another old adage, "Better late than never;" and we wish success to the enterprise of both houses. The volume before us is the first of a series to be issued by the great firm in Berners-street—a firm whose reputation guarantees excellence. We have only praise for the edition. It is well got up, remarkably cheap, and carefully edited. It contains both the original German and newly adapted English words, in addition to which a successful attempt is made to convey some idea of the full score through that for the pianoforte. Briefly, nothing is wanting to make the volume complete, and the admirers of Beethoven, we fancy, will not be slow in availing themselves of the opportunity to possess his dramatic *chef-d'œuvre*.

*The Little Seraph.* A Collection of Hymns with Suitable Tunes, Arranged in the Simplest Manner, for Young Performers, by JOHN OWEN (Owain Alan). London: Brewer and Co.

The title of this work, being strictly true, says nearly all there is to say about the work itself. Mr. Owen (Owain Alan), in the Bardic nomenclature of Wales has collected twenty-one well-known and popular hymns, and set to them equally well-known and popular tunes; adapting the latter for youthful fingers and capacities with a determination to be simple at all costs. We must enter a protest against the use by children of some among the hymns. Why darken the morning of life by thoughts of "the rebel sinner's doom," "waning sparks," and "a fearful, burdened heart"? The little ones should not be made to sing about things of which they know nothing. Only a very small minority of the hymns, however, are thus objectionable.

*Courtship.* Ballad. Written by Miss Jean Ingelow. Composed by F. WARNER. London: Brewer and Co.

The unvarying rhythm of this song imparts a sameness which the character neither of theme nor accompaniment does much to modify. Moreover, some of its progressions are, to say the least, ugly; as when (key, B flat) the consecutive accented notes A, A, D form part of chords whose roots are respectively G, G, C. Has the composer any authority for writing so; or for the consecutive octaves which elsewhere appear?

*The Princess Louise Bridal Waltz.* By JOHN PRIDHAM. London: Brewer and Co.

All's fish that comes to the net of our purveyors of light music, whether it be a Royal marriage or a disastrous war. In the case of the former, at all events, song and dance are appropriate, for which reason Mr. Pridham's waltz has an unchallengeable *raison d'être*. Of course the composer has made use of Scottish airs; but his choice of "There's nae luck about the house" seems to us—the provocation being a bridal—rather unfortunate. As a waltz, nevertheless, we can commend the "Princess Louise," on account of tunefulness and grace. The titlepage is handsomely illustrated with portraits and a view of Inverary Castle.

*Selection from "Marta,"* for the Pianoforte. By EMILE BERGER. London: Brewer and Co.

Mr. Berger has taken from Flotow's pretty opera most of its favourite pieces and arranged them with great good taste, as well as with a view to the requirements of moderate players. For once we meet in a work of the kind with a great deal of the composer, and very little of the transcriber. Let us hope so good an example may be followed.

*The Strasbourg March.* By JOHN PRIDHAM. London: Brewer and Co.

This march contains easy arrangements of "Partant pour la Syrie," "Ma Normandie," and the "Blucherlied." Why it should be called "Strasbourg" we cannot discover, unless a pre-text were sought for giving on the titlepage a capital coloured lithograph of the famous old Alsatian cathedral which German bombs have so sadly knocked about.

*Grand Military Divertimento,* for the Pianoforte, descriptive of the Battle at Sedan, &c. By JOHN PRIDHAM. London: Brewer and Co.

Whether "divertimenti" should be made upon the incidents of a terrible and disastrous war is a matter of taste. Waving the question, we have only to say of the piece before us that Mr. Pridham has treated his subject in the approved "Battle-of-Prague" style, "groans of the wounded" and all. It should be observed, also, that modern inventiveness is complimented by an attempt to imitate the roar of the mitrailleuse. Our grandmothers, who played Kotzwara's piece, lived too soon for this new sensation.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Among matters special to the season may be reckoned *The Songs from Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, written by Lewis Carroll, who has added half a stanza to one of the songs (for obvious reasons), the music being composed by William Boyd. (London: Weekes and Co.) These musical trifles are, as they should be, very easy, without being trivial; in no case does the music go higher than F, and it only rises once or twice above E flat major. It is made capable of a good deal of humorous expression in the mouths of clever little singers.

In the *Musical Bijou*, Christmas number (London: Metzler and Co.), we have of course, the inevitable *Uhlen*, in the shape of a quadrille, *The Early Love Waltz*, *The Fire Bell Galop*, *The Stolen Kisses Waltz*, &c., none of them at all beyond ordinary executive skill, and exceedingly well printed. It is certainly a cheap sixpennyworth. From the same house we have a batch of war songs, all arranged for four voices (the "usual"), by Mr. Rimbauld. In the cases of the three German songs and the "Marseillaise," the foreign words are printed side by side with the English, so that in case four people who can speak German or French get together, they may sing the words as originally written. These, again, are very cheap. It is a curious thing that everybody will translate Arndt's song "Where is the German Fatherland?" It should be, "Where is the German's Fatherland?" and the chorus runs, not "The Fatherland must wider be," but "His Fatherland," &c. The difference is not idle, considering what the German conception really is. Besides these, we have *Just Before the Battle* and *Just After*, the same. In all these pieces difficulties in the setting have been avoided, and the get-up is beautifully clear. That old Father Arndt had a very clear design in the matter is plain from this—that, feeling tied down to *sein* the verb, as a rhyme to *nein*, he yet uses the possessive pronoun *sein*, at the cost of a repetition—"Sein Vaterland muss grosz sein."

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.—Lord Lyttelton presided on Monday at a public meeting held in the St. Pancras Vestry-Hall, for the purpose of establishing an institution for the secondary instruction of girls. His Lordship said that it was a great disgrace in the history of this country that all the great endowments of education now under the control of the Education Commission should for the last two or three centuries have been monopolised by boys, without any advantage whatever to girls. No doubt it was a great and crying evil, but it was in course of being diminished by the operations of the commission to which he belonged. He had very great sympathy with those who had believed a considerable change was imperatively called for in the education of girls, but he could not go with those who said that the evidence afforded by the institutions of America and some other countries proved that the mental capacity for all branches of intellectual power was the same in both sexes. Still, he could not resist the appeal of the advocates of female progress in this country, who prosecuted their cause with great ability and no less pertinacity, that the experiment should be fairly tried to see whether in reality girls were as well fitted as boys in after life, if their early training was assimilated to the one to the other, for the many intellectual branches in this country. Certainly there was some tendency in the public mind towards that opinion, as was amply proved by the remarkable result which attended the recent elections for the London School Board.

## THE SURGICAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR.

Drs. Gouton and Félizet, who were engaged in the temporary hospital at Metz, have prepared a report on the effects of the different Prussian arms. They are of opinion that these are not as murderous as they are supposed to be, but that the frequency and severity of certain wounds result from the unfavourable positions which the men were compelled to assume. The following details are extracted from a summary of this report:—

"The Prussians, for the most part at least, use the triangular bayonet, now generally discarded, the wounds from which are far less serious than those inflicted by the sword-bayonet, which our infantry possessed. One of us saw on the night of Aug. 31, after the fight of Servigny-Sainte-Barbe, a heap of Prussians with wounds in the chest measuring nearly thirty centimetres in the intercostal space. We have seen but two wounds with the Prussian bayonet, and those healed rapidly. The bayonet is not the arm which the Prussians excel in. They are often too closely packed to have free scope, and make little active but much passive resistance. Hence, our soldiers say that a charge of bayonets goes through them like butter. Sword wounds were more frequent on our side, but chiefly confined to cavalry who had charged the Prussian horse. The worst we saw was that of a French cuirassier, whose left wrist had been completely disarticulated with as much regularity as if it had been done by a surgeon. We saw several dragoons who had received as many as six sword cuts on the head, the hands, and the trunk. The left arm is always the object of the Prussians in a cavalry charge; they endeavour to cut the horse's bridle or the hand which holds it. These wounds are seldom serious, being superficial and soon healed.

"There can be no doubt of the great part the Prussian artillery has played in our disasters. With regard to wounds by firearms, we have observed on an average seventy wounds from the bursting of shells and thirty from leaden bullets. Out of one hundred wounds from fragments of shells, we have always observed on an average sixty wounds in the back or where the shoulder joins the neck, and forty wounds in front or on the sides and limbs. The large Prussian projectiles are all explosive; they burst on touching the ground. It may, however, be mentioned that their fulminating apparatus is defective. One of us, at Gravelotte, saw the muddy soil covered with shells which had not burst. The form of the fragments of shell is very varied; so is their weight. We have extracted some which weighed only three grammes; but, on the other hand, one of us extracted a piece exceeding 500 grammes in weight. We have sometimes found little irregular fragments, which have given rise to the idea that explosive bullets had been used; but no doctor at Metz has found any such. Wounds from shells generally heal easily; when the skeleton is affected the case is more serious, but not more so than fractures, comminuted or not, complicated with flesh wounds. Thus in our hospital, where the sick have been for nearly two months deprived of salt, condemned to horseflesh, rationed as to bread, deprived of brandy and quinine, and subject to terrible moral depression, we have seen many cures of wounds from the explosion of shells. The frequency of these wounds intimidates the soldier. To what, then, is this frequency owing? The following facts speak for themselves. At the battle of Gravelotte whole regiments received orders to throw themselves flat on their faces in the furrows, about 3000 metres from the enemy, and remained in this state from seven in the morning till two or four o'clock in the evening; the shells rained upon them, and many of our soldiers perished without firing a shot. At Sainte-Barbe several regiments received the same order and sustained considerable loss. The enemy had it their own way with troops which a complete ignorance of the operation of shells had rendered stationary on an open place. The wounds we observed in the back and at the union of the shoulder and neck are precisely those which a man lying flat on his face would receive. Now, are these wounds less frequent when charging a battery? On Oct. 7 the 7th Voltigeurs, the Chasseurs of the Guard, and a Regiment of the Line carried the château of Ladouchamps, where two Prussian batteries were established. These men marched in quick time over 3500 metres of ground, under a heavy fire, charged with the bayonet, carried the position, and took the guns. Of the wounded in this affair, forty-seven out of sixty were wounded by balls. There were but thirteen wounds from bursting shells; the former proportion was inverted. The Prussian balls are much larger than those of the chassépot. They often penetrate but a little way, and are easily found under the skin, which they often raise for a considerable distance without going deeper. Their size renders their extraction easy. Wounds in the limbs from these balls are mere setons, easily cured. Gunshot wounds in the chest are not as serious as might be supposed. Among the wounded whose cases we could follow, thirteen had received a ball through the chest, and nine of these were cured in a space of time varying from fifteen days to two months. Wounds in the chest are, of course, more or less serious, according to the seat of the wound. Those on the right side are more likely to be cured than those on the left, because of the neighbourhood of the heart. Those high up in the lungs are better than those in the centre of the organ of respiration, where the great vessels are. Wounds from the chassépot bullet are very serious; the size of the orifice made by the ball in passing out causes great laceration of the tissues. The bones fractured by these balls are reduced into a great number of fragments, and as many as twelve and even fifteen splinters have been taken from these wounds. The chassépot bullet always penetrates deeply, and, being small, is difficult to extract. We now think we have shown:—First, that the wounds inflicted by the Prussians with sword or bayonet are not frequent or serious; secondly, that their balls are less murderous than those of the chassépot; thirdly, that it is by means of their shells that we have suffered most loss; fourthly, that this murderous result of their fire depended less upon that than upon the mistaken position of our men; fifthly, that, other things being equal, wounds from the fragments of shells are not worse than those made by other projectiles. Considering, further, that the shell does not burst in all directions, only forward in a jet, it will be seen that flight plays into the hands of the enemy, and that marching forward, obliging him to change his aim every moment, puts his artillery into a fatiguing situation at 3000 metres, and a dangerous one at 1000.

A STRANGE STORY.—The *Times'* correspondent at Versailles says the following story is in circulation there:—"A Prussian officer and a party of men came to the residence of the Marchioness of B—, an old lady, who had not fled like her neighbours. He seemed to know the name, for he inquired of the villagers where the house was, and if the lady was still living in it. He entered with his men, stormed and swore in the hall till he saw the mistress. He ordered dinner for his party, sat on the carpet, took up a chair and dashed it against a mirror, threw a vase down from its stand, broke a clock over the chimney-piece, and behaved, in fact, abominably. The old lady was terrified to death. Dinner was served. The officer complained of the wine, and told his men to throw the bottles through the windows till they got better drink. He dined apart, and treated the servants with the utmost insolence. At last, when the orgie was over, he asked to see the lady of the house. He was told she was in bed, ill and frightened. "Where? Oh, in this room! But I am going to sleep here." The lady had to get up and turn out, and the officer went in, broke some things, got into bed in his clothes, and after a time rang the bell violently. A servant appeared. Surrounded by her maids, and pale and fainting, the old lady received him at the door of her room. He took off his helmet, bowed with the utmost courtesy, and said, 'Madame, I have accomplished a promise and fulfilled a vow. Your husband was General the Marquis of B—?' 'Yes.' 'He was in the 1st Regiment of Hussars as a Captain when the French invaded Prussia?' 'I know he served in that regiment.' 'Well, then, Madame, I have to tell you that he came to the house of my grandmother, whose father had fallen at Jena. You think I have acted badly here; but I know how Captain de B— treated our house. I heard the story as a boy, and I treasured it in my soul. I know the disgrace and ruin he brought upon my name, and I spare you the recital of it. But I made a vow when it seemed the idle whim of a boy, and now in part I have kept it. Good-night, Madame! I do not pass a night under your roof. My men will protect you, and so stalked away. Well, suppose it be true. Will there be no such memories for the French children whom I see going to school, staring at the great Prussians trudging through the snow?'"



## A "VERY IRISH" PROCEEDING.

AN extraordinary outrage was a subject of inquiry before the magistrates of Enniskillen on Monday. During the past week it has been referred to in vague rumours and mysterious paragraphs in the local press, but the names of the persons implicated were withheld from the public, and the report did not assume a definite and credible form until a prosecution was instituted by direction of the Crown. The complainant, who protested against being obliged to come forward in a police court, as he preferred to seek redress before another tribunal, was Captain Poynter, late of the 16th Regiment of Foot, and the principal defendant was Mr. John Grey Vesey Porter, of Belleisle. There were five other persons charged. Captain Poynter bore visible marks of having received very rough usage, his face being greatly discoloured, his features distorted, and his head shorn. His evidence was to the effect that, on the 4th inst., a man named Calcraft, one of the accused, came to him three times with a message that Mrs. Porter wanted particularly to see him at Killyheolin, a residence about a mile distant from Enniskillen. He at first declined to go; but on the third occasion he consented, and proceeded to the place. There is an avenue leading through a plantation from the road to the house, and he had advanced about a hundred yards when five men sprang out from among the trees, tied him, gagged him with a strap, and carried him, face upward, to a boat in which Mr. Porter was waiting to receive him. A rug was thrown over him, and the boat was pulled to Belleisle. The complainant attempted to shout, and Mr. Porter then threw water on him, and getting a pair of scissors, cut off his hair and part of his whiskers, telling him at the same time, "I am going to send the hair to your lady friends in Enniskillen." When they landed at Belleisle Captain Poynter was unbound, and he was allowed to walk to the front of the house. There a rude form of triangle had been put up by placing a plank across two trees. Mr. Porter then desired the bandmaster to "sound the assembly." The order was obeyed, and a large bell was rung to collect the people to be spectators of the punishment which he intended to inflict on the captain. The complainant was tied up by a rope drawn under his arms to the cross-beam, so that his toes touched the ground, and Mr. Porter, having then procured two long horsewhips, applied them vigorously to the back of his unfortunate victim. One of the whips broke, or did not please him, and he rejected it and used the other. When he had flogged him enough to satisfy himself he had him released, and then asked him to take a glass of wine, which he declined. Some whisky was then procured and given to him, and Mr. Porter had him taken on a car to Lisbellaw. Captain Poynter had stated at Belleisle that he had heart disease, and Mr. Porter remarked afterwards that he "would give him a queer heart disease." He informed the people about the place before the occurrence that "he had got the blackguard English officer and would flog him," and he told the complainant himself that men had often been shot for less than he had done. He stated in the boat that Mrs. Porter had confessed that an improper intimacy had existed between her and Captain Poynter. This statement the complainant positively denied in court. Other witnesses corroborated his evidence, and the magistrates decided on sending the case for trial at the assizes, and accepting bail for Mr. Porter's appearance, himself in £500 and two sureties in £200 each. The other defendants were committed on a charge of conspiracy to waylay, and admitted to bail in £100 each and two sureties of £50. Mr. Porter's solicitor stated that he was anxious to take the whole responsibility for the transaction on himself.

## MONUMENTAL STONES AT IONA.

ON Monday evening, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, held in Edinburgh, Mr. James Drummond, R.S.A., read a paper on "Early Monumental Art in the West Highlands." In the course of his remarks he said:—"I finished my last autumn peregrinations by revisiting Iona. On board the steamer from Oban I foregathered with my former landlord on the island, who informed me that I should find matters very different from what they had been on my previous visit; that last summer the Duchess of Argyll had lived ten days on the island; that even the Duke himself had been there at the same time, and that the Marquis of Lorn had taken up the matter of preservation keenly—in short, everything was in the way of being reformed. In the evening, after landing, I sauntered up towards the ruins of the cathedral, and was surprised, in passing, to find the gate of St. Oran's churchyard standing open. This was not promising, after the glowing account I had heard on board the steamer of the careful manner in which the antiquaries were now looked after. On going in and looking over the various monuments which I had seen a couple of years ago, placed within two inclosures and surrounded by an iron rail, I was astonished to find one of them missing. This was the memorial slab to the four priors, thought by many to be the finest specimen of Celtic art in the cemetery. Opinions differ as to this, but certainly it is the most elaborate and perfect; but I am afraid it will not long continue so, as I found it between the two inclosures, and over it every tourist now walks on his way to the chapel. On inquiring what was the meaning of this, I was told that it had been claimed by a journeyman smith, working at the Duke's granite quarries in Mull, who says that it had cost his grandfather seven milch cows and seven bolls of barley. This is too ridiculous, for who could have a right to sell such a thing? But the claim was given into by the Duke's chamberlain, and there it now lies, a sort of pavement for every sacrilegious foot to tread on. We wonder if the Duke knows of such doings. Another fine stone was claimed by an old woman, who was a pauper, on some frivolous pretence of the same sort; and one beautiful specimen, which is unfortunately broken in two, was during the last season raised that the child of a labourer might be buried under it. A few more removals of such a stone and it will be done for. In St. Oran's Chapel is a richly-decorated stone, having sculptured on it the figure of a prior under a canopy. This was carried off

a long time ago from Iona and used as his family tombstone by a proprietor near Scour, in Mull. It goes by the name of 'the stone of the boll of barley,' such having been the bribe to the ignorant boatman who committed the theft. It may be satisfactory to know that the barley was lost in a storm as the boat was crossing the Sound of Mull. Misfortunes overtook this family, and the old lady who represented it attributed their calamities to this tombstone, and, under this superstitious feeling, had it returned a few years ago. Now, surely this system of appropriation ought to be put a stop to, and that by the strong hand; for it is an utter impossibility that the monuments of these old chiefs and ecclesiastics can be the property of these people, many of whom hardly belong to the island. No better illustration could be given of the utter indifference and carelessness, not only of custodians, but of all connected with this neglected region, whose duty it is to protect from destruction these precious illustrations of monumental art of a bygone time, than the M'Leod memorial stone, over which the turf was allowed to grow; and so thick was this covering, that the very position of it was forgotten; and yet this was one of the most interesting and perfect remaining. Close by this I uncovered another, over which the turf had been allowed to grow. On it is a cross, a sword, and the usual scroll-work. It has often been asked—Is there no way of preserving these invaluable relics? I should say no difficulty whatever, seeing the old order has been departed from, and as no stone is now in its original position, there can be no delicacy in the matter if the powers that be would only move in the matter or sanction some scheme. In such affairs the simplest plan is always the best, and the object would be gained if a simple stone bench about 1 ft. high and 2 ft. wide were built round the inside of St. Oran's Chapel, and on this, ranged against the wall, the finest of the slabs, those of figures being placed at the east end, and in front of all an iron rail to prevent inquisitive people from meddling; but let no sacrilegious hand put a roof on this chapel, as has been proposed. Let the more common specimens lie still inside the barriers. Let us glance at the cathedral and the state of matters there. Think of the sacred precincts in connection with it being now let to the innkeeper to graze his cattle, a hole having actually been made in the surrounding wall to give the animals free ingress and egress! not that the wall is of much use in keeping strangers out—it being quite low—for was it not but the other year that the stewards of two yachts lying in the sound, because the custodian refused them admission on a Sunday, landed in the gloaming, went over the wall, and were disturbed in the act of breaking up the beautiful figure of M'Lean, of Ross—one half of the head being smashed before they were scared, and escaped from their impious work? Although the men were seen and were known, yet no attempt was made to punish them." At the close of the address, the society resolved, on the motion of Mr. W. F. Skene, to appoint a committee with a view of making a representation to the Duke of Argyll in reference to the state of the monuments at Iona.

## THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9.  
BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.—C. W. COOMBE, Russell, street, Drury-lane, tailor—W. and E. STANLEY, Morpeth, Northumberland, watchmakers.  
BANKRUPTS.—W. L. MAITLAND, Thurlow-square—T. QUINN, Manly-place, Kensington Park, builder—S. J. WELLS, Piccadilly—J. BUSSELL, Clifton, builder—J. W. STROUD, Plymouth, schoolmaster—J. CALCRAFT, Halifax, contractor—R. FILLERY, jun., Horfield, miller—F. FREE-MAN, Upper Thames-street, coal merchant—J. KENEDY, Reading, tailor—W. KEYWORTH, Saxilby, butcher—W. MOUNSEY, jun., Yeading, cloth manufacturer—W. MOUNSEY, sen., Leeds, cloth manufacturer—J. WHATMOUGH, Rochdale, stonemason.  
SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—J. CORMACK, West-end-wick, Yell, Shetland, merchant—D. CHASSAR, jun., Broome-law-street, Glasgow, tailor.  
TUESDAY, DEC. 13.  
BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.—E. J. A. FITZROY—E. THOMPSON, Manchester, commission agent—J. HOLDING and A. DICKENS, Hornsey, builders.  
BANKRUPTS.—J. S. ENGLE, Mitre-court, City, mantle manufacturer—G. H. TUNNICLIFFE, Princes-street, Hanover-square, carver and gilder—W. HOLLANS, Deeping St James, shoemaker—T. CLARKE, Rugeley, grocer and hop merchant—J. FOX, Whiteparish, yeoman—C. FREITAG, Southampton, outfitter—T. LATIMER, Bradford, snuff manufacturer—W. LE PATOUILLER, Brighton-le-sands, near Liverpool—J. LORD, Blackburn, draper—D. MANSEY, Sarniton-hill, builder—A. C. MAYERS, Stafford, boot and shoe manufacturer—G. MILES, Sarniton-hill, grocer—W. MORE, Scarborough, wine and spirit merchant—R. M. FLEDDIE, Appleton-in-Wakefield, farmer—T. M. BROWN, Chertsey.  
SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—J. URQUHART, Inver-gordon, toy merchant—T. JENSEN, Leith, commission agent—M. JOHNSTON, Musselburgh, spirit merchant—J. MITCHELL, Magdalen Bridge, near Musselburgh, manufacturing chemist.

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